SPECIMENS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,

AND

AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

SEWELL, 1726, TO CAREY, 1763.

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OF

VOL. V.



DR. GEORGE SEWELL.

DIED 1726.

Dr. George Sewell, author of Sir Walter Raleigh, a tragedy; several papers in the fifth volume of the Tatler, and ninth of the Spectator; a Life of John Philips; and some other things. There is something melancholy in this poor man's history. He was a physician at Hampstead, with very little practice, and chiefly subsisted on the invitations of the neighbouring gentlemen, to whom his amiable character made him acceptable; but at his death not a friend or relative came to commit his remains to the dust! He was buried in the meanest manner, under a hollow tree, that was once part of the boundary of the church-yard of Hampstead. No memorial was placed over his remains.

VERSES,

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR ON HIMSELF WHEN HE WAS IN A CONSUMPTION.

Why, Damon, with the forward day,
Dost thou thy little spot survey,
From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,
Pursue the progress of the year,
  What winds arise, what rains descend,
  When thou before that year shalt end?

What do thy noon-tide walks avail,
To clear the leaf, and pick the snail,
Then wantonly to death decree
An insect usefuller than thee?
  Thou and the worm are brother-kind,
  As low, as earthy, and as blind.

Vain wretch! canst thou expect to see
The downy peach make court to thee?
Or that thy sense shall ever meet
The bean-flower's deep-embosom'd sweet,
  Exhaling with an evening blast?
  Thy evenings then will all be past.

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green,
(For vanity 's in little seen)
All must be left when Death appears,
In spite of wishes, groans, and tears;
  Nor one of all thy plants that grow
  But rosemary will with thee go.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

BORN 1666.—DIED 1726.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH[1], the poet and architect, was the oldest son of Mr. Giles Vanbrugh of London,

[1] The family of Sir John Vanbrugh is stated, in the Biographia Dramatica, to have come originally from France; but my friend

merchant: he was born in the parish of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, 1666. He received a very liberal education, and at the age of nineteen was sent by his father to France, where he continued several years. In 1703 he was appointed Clarencieux king of arms, and in 1706 was commissioned by Queen Anne to carry the habit and ensigns of the order of the garter to King George the First, then at Hanover. He was also made comptroller-general of the board of works, and surveyor of the gardens and waters. In 1714 he received the order of knighthood, and in 1719 married Henrietta Maria, daughter of Colonel Yarborough. Sir John died at his house in Scotland-yard, and is interred in the family vault under the church of St. Stephen, Walbrook. He left only one son, who fell at the battle of Fontenoy.

FABLE.

RELATED BY A BEAU TO ESOP.

A Band, a Bob-wig, and a Feather,
Attack'd a lady's heart together.

The Rev. George Vanbrugh, rector of Aughton, in Lancashire, the only surviving descendant of the family, informs me that his ancestors were eminent merchants of Antwerp, and fled out of Flanders when the Duke of Alva tried to establish the inquisition in those provinces. They first took refuge in Holland, and from thence came over to England to enjoy the protestant protection of Queen Elizabeth.

The Band in a most learned plea,
Made up of deep philosophy,
Told her, if she would please to wed
A reverend beard, and take instead
    Of vigorous youth,
    Old solemn truth,
With books and morals, into bed,
  How happy she would be.

The Bob, he talked of management,
What wond'rous blessings heaven sent
On care, and pains, and industry;
And truly he must be so free
To own he thought your airy beaux,
With powdered wigs, and dancing shoes,
Were good for nothing (mend his soul!)
But prate, and talk, and play the fool.

He said 'twas wealth gave joy and mirth,
And that to be the dearest wife
Of one, who labour'd all his life
To make a mine of gold his own,
And nôt spend sixpence when he'd done,
Was heaven upon earth.

When these two blades had done, d'ye see,
The Feather (as it might be me),
Steps out, sir, from behind the skreen,
With such an air and such a mien—
Look you, old gentleman,—in short
He quickly spoil'd the statesman's sport.

It proved such sunshine weather
That, you must know, at the first beck
The lady leapt about his neck,
And off they went together.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

BORN 1669.—DIED 1729.

FROM THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Almeria meeting her husband Alphonso, whom she had imagined to be dead, now disguised as the captive Osmyn, at the tomb of his father Anselmo.

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Alm. IT was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.
Leon. It bore the accent of a human voice.
Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We'll listen——
Leon. Hark!
Alm. No, all is hushed, and still as death—'tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs

And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.
Leon. Let us return; the horror of this place,
And silence, will increase your melancholy.
Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; shew me Anselmo's tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and skulls, and mouldering earth,
Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse,
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirits, and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then shew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again,
To him, to Heaven, and my Alphonso's soul.
Leon. I go; but Heaven can tell with what regret.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Heli.

Heli. I wander through this maze of monuments,
Yet cannot find him—Hark! sure 'tis the voice
Of one complaining—There it sounds!—I'll follow it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Opening, discovers a place of Tombs one Monument, fronting the view, greater than the rest.*

Enter ALMERIA *and* LEONORA.

Leon. Behold the sacred vault, within whose womb
The poor remains of good Anselmo rest,
Yet fresh and unconsumed by time or worms.
What do I see? Oh, Heaven! either my eyes
Are false, or still the marble door remains
Unclosed; the iron gates, that lead to death
Beneath, are still wide stretched upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves!

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
And that dumb mouth, significant in show,
Invites me to the bed, where I alone
Shall rest; shews me the grave, where nature, weary
And long oppressed with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burthen down, and sink in slumbers
Of peace eternal. Death, grim death, will fold
Me in his leaden arms, and press me close
To his cold clayey breast: My father, then,
Will cease his tyranny; and Garcia, too,
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My soul, enlarged from its vile bonds, will mount,
And range the starry orbs, and milky-ways,
Of that refulgent world, where I shall swim
In liquid light, and float, on seas of bliss,
To my Alphonso's soul. Oh, joy too great!

Oh, ecstacy of thought! Help me, Anselmo;
Help me, Alphonso; take me, reach thy hand;
To thee, to thee I call; to thee, Alphonso:
Oh, Alphonso!

OSMYN *ascending from the tomb.*

Osm. Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso?

Alm. Angels, and all the host of heaven, support me!

Osm. Whence is that voice, whose shrillness, from the grave,
And growing to his father's shroud, roots up
Alphonso?

Alm. Mercy! Providence! Oh, speak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy bosom, from the light
And from my eyes!

Osm. Amazement and illusion!
Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye powers,
[*Coming forward.*
That, motionless, I may be still deceived!
Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve
That tender, lovely form of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade!
'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she, 'tis she herself!
Nor dead, nor shade, but breathing and alive!
It is Almeria, it is my wife!

Enter HELI.

Leon. Alas! she stirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes;
He, too, is fainting——Help me, help me, stranger,
Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raise
These bodies.

Hel. Ha! 'tis he! and with——Almeria!
Oh, miracle of happiness! Oh, joy
Unhoped for! Does Almeria live?

Osm. Where is she!
Let me behold, and touch her, and be sure
'Tis she; shew me her face, and let me feel
Her lips with mine—'Tis she, I am not deceived;
I taste her breath, I warm her and am warmed.
Look up, Almeria, bless me with thy eyes;
Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy husband!

Alm. I have sworn I'll not wed Garcia: why do ye force me?
Is this a father?

Osm. Look on thy Alphonso.
Thy father is not here, my love, nor Garcia
Nor am I what I seem, but thy Alphonso.
Wilt thou not know me? Hast thou then forgot me?
Hast thou thy eyes, yet canst not see Alphonso?
Am I so altered, or art thou so changed,
That, seeing my disguise, thou seest not me?

Alm. It is, it is Alphonso! 'tis his face,
His voice—I know him now, I know him all.
Oh take me to thy arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the bottom of the boundless deep,
To seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.

Oh, how hast thou returned? How hast thou charmed
The wildness of the waves and rocks to this;
That, thus relenting, they have given thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me?
Osm. Oh, I'll not ask, nor answer, how or why
We both have backward trod the paths of fate,
To meet again in life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any circumstance,
Or means, by which I have thee——
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,
And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,
I have not leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.
Alm. Stay a while——
Let me look on thee yet a little more.
Osm. What wouldst thou? thou dost put me from thee.
Alm. Yes.
Osm. And why? What dost thou mean? Why dost thou gaze so?
Alm. I know not; 'tis to see thy face, I think—
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To see thee thus again in such profusion
Of joy, of bliss—I cannot bear—I must
Be mad—I cannot be transported thus.
Osm. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heaven of love!
Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?
How is all this? All-powerful Heaven, what are we?

Oh, my strained heart—let me again behold thee,
For I weep to see thee—Art thou not paler?
Much, much; how thou art changed!
Osm. Not in my love.
Alm. No, no! thy griefs, I know, have done this to thee.
Thou hast wept much, Alphonso; and, I fear,
Too much, too tenderly, lamented me.
Osm. Wrong not my love, to say too tenderly.
No more, my life; talk not of tears or grief;
Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my arms,
My arms which ache to hold thee fast, and grow
To thee with twining? Come, come to my heart!
Alm. I will, for I should never look enough.
They would have married me; but I had sworn
To Heaven and thee, and sooner would have died—
Osm. Perfection of all faithfulness and love!
Alm. Indeed I would—Nay, I would tell thee all,
If I could speak; how I have mourned and prayed:
For I have prayed to thee, as to a saint;
And thou hast heard my prayer; for thou art come
To my distress, to my despair, which Heaven
Could only, by restoring thee, have cured.
Osm. Grant me but life, good Heaven, but length of days,
To pay some part, some little of this debt,
This countless sum of tenderness and love,
For which I stand engaged to this all-excellence;
Then bear me in a whirlwind to my fate,
Snatch me from life, and cut me short unwarned.

Then, then, 'twill be enough—I shall be old,
I shall have passed all æras then
Of yet unmeasured time; when I have made
This exquisite, this most amazing goodness,
Some recompense of love and matchless truth.
Alm. 'Tis more than recompense to see thy face
If Heaven is greater joy, it is no happiness,
For 'tis not to be borne—What shall I say?
I have a thousand things to know and ask,
And speak—That thou art here beyond all hope,
All thought; and all at once thou art before me,
And with such suddenness hast hit my sight,
Is such surprise, such mystery, such ecstasy,
It hurries all my soul, and stuns my sense.
Sure from thy father's tomb thou didst arise?
Osm. I did; and thou, my love, didst call me; thou.
Alm. True; but how cam'st thou there? Wert thou alone?
Osm. I was, and lying on my father's lead,
When broken echoes of a distant voice
Disturbed the sacred silence of the vault,
In murmurs round my head. I rose and listened,
And thought I heard thy spirit call Alphonso;
I thought I saw thee too; but, Oh, I thought not
That I indeed should be so blest to see thee——
Alm. But still, how cam'st thou thither? How thus?——Ha!
What's he, who, like thyself, is started here
Ere seen?

Osm. Where? Ha! What do I see, Antonio!
I am fortunate indeed—my friend, too, safe!
Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus blessed.
Alm. More miracles! Antonio escaped!
Osm. And twice escaped; both from the rage of seas
And war: for in the fight I saw him fall.
Heli. But fell unhurt, a prisoner as yourself,
And as yourself made free; hither I came,
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
Your grief would lead you to lament Anselmo.
Osm. There are no wonders; or else all is wonder.
Heli. I saw you on the ground, and raised you up,
When with astonishment I saw Almeria.
Osm. I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.
Alm. Nor I; nor could I, for my eyes were yours.
Osm. What means the bounty of all-gracious Heaven,
That persevering still, with open hand,
It scatters good, as in a waste of mercy!
Where will this end? But Heaven is infinite
In all, and can continue to bestow,
When scanty number shall be spent in telling.
Leon. Or I am deceived, or I beheld the glimpse
Of two in shining habits cross the aisle;
Who, by their pointing, seem to mark this place.
Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.
Osm. I wish at least our parting were a dream,
Or we could sleep till we again were met.

Heli. Zara and Selim, sir; I saw and know them:
You must be quick, for love will lend her wings.
Alm. What love? Who is she? Why are you alarmed?
Osm. She's the reverse of thee; she's my unhappiness.
Harbour no thought that may disturb thy peace;
But gently take thyself away, lest she
Should come, and see the straining of my eyes
To follow thee.
Retire, my love, I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my friend will tell thee all;
How I escaped, how I am here, and thus;
How I am not called Alphonso now, but Osmyn;
And he Heli. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet——
Alm. Sure we shall meet again——
Osm. We shall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and warmth of ever-kindling love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in absence!
[*Exeunt* ALM. LEON. *and* HELI
Yet I behold her—yet—and now no more.
Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thoughts,
So shall you still behold her—'twill not be.
Oh, impotence of sight! Mechanic sense!
Which to exterior objects ow'st thy faculty,
Not seeing of election, but necessity.
Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrors,
Successively reflect succeeding images:
Not what they would, but must; a star, or toad,

Just as the hand of chance administers.
Not so the mind, whose undetermined view
Resolves, and to the present adds the past,
Essaying farther to futurity;
But that in vain. I have Almeria here
At once, as I before have seen her often——

SONG.

Tell me no more I am deceived,
That Chloe 's false and common;
I always knew (at least believ'd)
She was a very woman:
As such I lik'd, as such caress'd;
She still was constant when possess'd,
She could do more for no man.

But, oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps she fancy'd you the man,
And what care I a farthing?
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind;
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

ELIJAH FENTON.

BORN 1683.—DIED 1730.

Elijah Fenton was obliged to leave the university on account of his non-juring principles. He was for some time secretary to Charles, Earl of Orrery: he afterwards taught the grammar school of Sevenoaks, in Kent, but was induced, by Bolingbroke, to forsake that drudgery for the more unprofitable state of dependence upon a political patron, who, after all, left him disappointed and in debt. Pope recommended him to Craggs as a literary instructor, but the death of that statesman again subverted his hopes of preferment, and he became an auxiliary to Pope in translating the Odyssey, of which his share was the first, fourth, nineteenth, and twentieth books. The successful appearance of his tragedy of Mariamne on the stage, in 1723, relieved him from his difficulties, and the rest of his life was comfortably spent in the employment of Lady Trumbull, first as tutor to her son, and afterwards as auditor of her accounts. His character was that of an amiable but indolent man, who drank, in his great chair, two bottles of port wine a day. He published an edition of the works of Milton and of Waller.

TO A LADY SITTING BEFORE HER GLASS.

So smooth and clear the fountain was,
In which his face Narcissus spy'd,
When, gazing in that liquid glass,
He for himself despair'd and died:
Nor, Chloris, can you safer see
Your own perfections here than he.

The lark before the mirror plays,
Which some deceitful swain has set,
Pleas'd with herself, she fondly stays
To die deluded in the net.
Love may such frauds for you prepare,
Yourself the captive and the snare.

But, Chloris, whilst you there review
Those graces opening in their bloom,
Think how disease and age pursue,
Your riper glories to consume.
Then, sighing, you would wish your glass
Could show to Chloris what she was.

Let pride no more give nature law,
But free the youth your power enslaves:
Her form, like yours, bright Cynthia saw,
Reflected on the crystal waves;
Yet priz'd not all her charms above
The pleasure of Endymion's love.

No longer let your glass supply
  Too just an emblem of your breast;
Where oft to my deluded eye
  Love's image has appear'd imprest;
But play'd so lightly on your mind,
It left no lasting print behind.

EDWARD WARD.

BORN 1667.—DIED 1731.

EDWARD (familiarly called Ned) WARD was a low-born, uneducated man, who followed the trade of a publican. He is said, however, to have attracted many eminent persons to his house by his colloquial powers as a landlord, to have had a general acquaintance among authors, and to have been a great retailer of literary anecdotes. In those times the tavern was a less discreditable haunt than at present, and his literary acquaintance might probably be extensive. Jacob offended him very much by saying, in his account of the poets, that he kept a public-house in the city. He publicly contradicted the assertion as a falsehood, stating that his house was not in the city, but in Moorfields. Ten thick volumes attest the industry, or *cacoethes*, of this facetious publican, who wrote his very will in verse. His favourite measure is the Hudibrastic. His works

give a complete picture of the mind of a vulgar but acute cockney. His sentiment is the pleasure of eating and drinking, and his wit and humour are equally gross; but his descriptions are still curious and full of life, and are worth preserving as delineations of the manners of the times.

SONG.

O GIVE me, kind Bacchus, thou god of the vine,
Not a pipe or a tun, but an ocean of wine;
And a ship that's well mann'd with such rare merry
fellows,
That ne'er forsook tavern for porterly ale-house.
May her bottom be leaky to let in the tipple,
And no pump on board her to save ship or people;
So that each jolly lad may suck heartily round,
And be always obliged to drink or be drown'd!

Let a fleet from Virginia, well laden with weed,
And a cargo of pipes, that we nothing may need,
Attend at our stern to supply us with guns,
And to weigh us our funk, not by pounds, but by
tuns.
When thus fitted out we would sail cross the line,
And swim round the world in a sea of good wine;
Steer safe in the middle, and vow never more
To renounce such a life for the pleasures on shore.

Look cheerfully round us, and comfort our eyes
With a deluge of claret enclosed by the skies;

A sight that would mend a pale mortal's complexion,
And make him blush more than the sun by reflexion.
No zealous contentions should ever perplex us,
No politic jars should divide us or vex us;
No presbyter Jack should reform us or ride us,
The stars and our whimsical noddles should guide us.
No blustering storms should possess us with fears,
Or hurry us, like cowards, from drinking to pray'rs,
But still with full bowls we'd for Bacchus maintain
The most glorious dominion o'er the clarety main;
And tipple all round till our eyes shone as bright
As the sun does by day, or the moon does by night.
Thus would I live free from all care or design,
And when death should arrive, I'd be pickled in
wine;
That is, toss'd over board, have the sea for my grave,
And lie nobly entomb'd in a blood-colour'd wave;
That, living or dead, both my body and spirit
Should float round the globe in an ocean of claret,
The truest of friends and the best of all juices,
Worth both the rich metals that India produces:
For all men, we find, from the young to the old,
Will exchange for the bottle their silver and gold,
Except rich fanatics—a pox on their pictures!
That make themselves slaves to their pray'rs and
their lectures;
And think that on earth there is nothing divine,
But a canting old fool and a bag full of coin.
What though the dull saint make his standard and
sterling
His refuge, his glory, his god, and his darling;

The mortal that drinks is the only brave fellow,
Though never so poor he's a king when he's mellow;
Grows richer than Crœsus with whimsical thinking,
And never knows care whilst he follows his drinking.

JOHN GAY.

BORN 1688.—DIED 1732.

GAY's pastorals are said to have taken with the public not as satires on those of Ambrose Phillips, which they were meant to be, but as natural and just imitations of real life and of rural manners. It speaks little, however, for the sagacity of the poet's town readers, if they enjoyed those caricatures in earnest, or imagined any truth of English manners in Cuddy and Cloddipole contending with Amabæan verses for the prize of song, or in Bowzybeus rehearsing the laws of nature. If the allusion to Phillips was overlooked, they could only be relished as travesties of Virgil, for Bowzybeus himself would not be laughable unless we recollected Silenus.

Gay's Trivia seems to have been built upon the hint of Swift's description of a city shower. It exhibits a picture of the familiar customs of the metropolis that will continue to become more amusing as the customs grow obsolete. As a fabulist he has been sometimes hypercritically blamed for present-

ing us with allegorical impersonations. The mere naked apologue of Æsop is too simple to interest the human mind, when its fancy and understanding are past the state of childhood or barbarism. La Fontaine dresses the stories which he took from Æsop and others with such profusion of wit and *naiveté*, that his manner conceals the insipidity of the matter. "*La sauce vaut mieux que le poisson.*" Gay, though not equal to La Fontaine, is at least free from his occasional prolixity; and in one instance (the Court of Death) ventures into allegory with considerable power. Without being an absolute simpleton, like La Fontaine, he possessed a *bon homme* of character which forms an agreeable trait of resemblance between the fabulists.

MONDAY; OR THE SQUABBLE

Lobbin Clout, Cuddy, Cloddipole.

L. Clout. THY younglings, Cuddy, are but just
awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear:
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?
Cuddy. Ah, Lobbin Clout! I ween my plight is
guest,
For he that loves a stranger is to rest;

If swains belie not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree;
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.
L. Clout. Ah, Blouzelind! I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows, the new-fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue! may blisters sore it gall,
That names Buxoma Blouzelind withal!
Cuddy. Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise.
Lo, yonder, Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain!
From Cloddipole we learn to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.
He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that showers would straight ensue:
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain.
When swallows fleet soar high, and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.
L. Clout. See this tobacco-pouch, that's lin'd with hair,
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer.

This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager that the prize shall be my due.
Cuddy. Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting slouch!
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.
L. Clout. My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows;
Fair is the gilliflower, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet:
But Blouzelind's than gilliflower more fair,
Than daisy, marygold, or king-cup rare.
Cuddy. My brown Buxoma is the featest maid
That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd.
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play deftest feats around,
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.
L. Clout. Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near
Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year.
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda, ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!
Cuddy. As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;

And holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky-days, I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind! my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday.
L. Clout. As Blouzelinda, in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I slily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss;
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say,
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.
Cuddy. As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
I queintly stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.
L. Clout. Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer;
Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize.
Cuddy. In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife,
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

L. Clout. As once I play'd at blindman's buff, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind.
True speaks that ancient proverb, "Love is blind."
Cuddy. As at hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown;
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.
L. Clout. On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung.
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.
Cuddy. Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself pois'd against the tottering maid:
High leap'd the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I spy'd—but faithful sweethearts never tell.
L. Clout. This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every swain.
"What flower is that which bears the virgin's name,
The richest metal joined with the same?"
Cuddy. Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.
"What flower is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the virgin, and 'tis strown on graves?"
Cloddipole. Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains!
An oaken staff each merits for his pains.

But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn.
Your herds for want of water stand a-dry,
They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

THURSDAY; OR THE SPELL.

Hobnelia.

HOBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers groan for groan.
I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
When first the year I heard the cuckow sing,
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a-running with such haste,
Deborah that won the smock scarce ran so fast;
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,
Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,
Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled hair,

As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
At eve last midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought:
I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd,
"This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow."
I straight look'd back, and, if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;
I rearly rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do),
Thee first I spy'd: and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true-love be.
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take;
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail,
That might my secret lover's name reveal.

Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
(For always snails near sweetest fruit abound).
I seiz'd the vermine, whom I quickly sped,
And on the earth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and, if a right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L*;
Oh, may this wond'rous omen lucky prove!
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and Love.
" With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow;
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.
" With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As peasecods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see,
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I cropp'd I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when, who should first come in
But, in his proper person—Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see;
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.

Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted sleight:
So may again his love with mine unite!
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass,
"Fly, lady-bird, north, south, or east, or west,
Fly where the man is found that I love best."
He leaves my hand; see, to the west he's flown.
To call my true-love from the faithless town.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around. around."
I pare this pippin round and round again,
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain,
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen,
Than what the paring makes upon the green.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
This pippin shall another trial make,
See, from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn;
And Boobyclod on t' other side is borne.
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last:
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee.
He wist not when the hempen string I drew.
Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle blue.
Together fast I tie the garters twain;
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain:
"Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!"
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day,
To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent.
Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,
When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."
But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.

He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she crown'd with willow die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown:
O dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

SATURDAY; OR THE FLIGHTS.

Bowzybeus.

Sublimer strains, O rustic Muse! prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse
'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow,
Cut down the labours of the winter plough
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd;
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
And merry reapers what they list will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill,
That echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd
When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;

That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers speed,
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads and roundelays and catches sung:
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wond'rous strong!
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night;
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.
Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring lout:
(For custom says, "Whoe'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.")
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose.
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering swains with stammering speech bespoke:
To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er,
As for the maids—I've something else in store.
No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-singer plac'd above the crowd,
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;
Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus, soothes th' attentive ear.

Of nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below;
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow;
How will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail.
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed.
(Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend);
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep;
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose;
(For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind).
Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lass, knives, combs, and scissars spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.

The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding, in his party-colour'd jacket,
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.
Then sad he sung, "the Children in the Wood:"
(Ah, barbarous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!)
How blackberries they pluck'd in desarts wild,
And fearless at the glittering faulchion smil'd;
Their little corpse the robin red-breasts found,
And strew'd with pious bill the leaves around.
(Ah, gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.)
For "Buxom Joan" he sung the doubtful strife,
How the sly tailor made the maid a wife.
To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woeful wars in "Chevy-chace" befel,
When "Percy drove the deer with hound and horn,
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!"
Ah, Witherington, more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the squire, who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.
"All in the land of Essex" next he chants,
How to sleek mares starch quakers turn gallants.

How the grave brother stood on bank so green—
Happy for him if mares had never been!
Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.
He sung of "Taffey Welsh," and "Sawney Scot,"
"Lilly-bullero" and the "Irish Trot."
Why should I tell of "Bateman," or of "Shore,"
Or "Wantley's Dragon" slain by valiant Moore
"The Bower of Rosamond," or "Robin Hood,"
And how the "grass now grows where Troy town stood?"
His carols ceas'd: the listening maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose; and, as he reels along,
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
The damsels laughing fly: the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;
The power that guards the drunk his sleep attend.
Till, ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

THE BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

IN IMITATION OF THE POLLIO OF VIRGIL.

Ye sylvan Muses, loftier strains recite:
Not all in shades and humble cots delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the distant ground
The driving gales convey the swelling sounds:
Th' attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.

What sudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye stags, and all ye beasts of chase;
This hour destruction brings on all your race:
See, the pleas'd tenants duteous offerings bear,
Turkeys and geese, and grocer's sweetest ware;
With the new health the ponderous tankard flows,
And old October reddens every nose.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lip, and gently lick his hand.
He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
And learns to lisp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley shall in paternal acres grow;
The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flowers,
To give metheglin for his morning-hours;
For him the clustering hop shall climb the poles,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.
His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How, when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the staring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall;
Tells how this stag through three whole counties fled,
What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desperate chase, and all his cheats;

How in one day, beneath his furious speed,
He tir'd seven coursers of the fleetest breed;
How high the pale he leap'd, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the witch!
These stories, which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.
Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh.
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar-schools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod;
No, let him never feel that smart disgrace:
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?
When ripening youth with down o'ershades his chin,
And every female eye incites to sin;
The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame)
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and watery qualms shall own thy crime.
How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's prest,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
Nine moons shall publicly divulge thy shame,
And the young squire forestall a father's name.
When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land;

On fam'd St. Hubert's feast his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound, and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager speed
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet, prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the dust his groveling honour lies;
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone.
O venturous youth, thy thirst of game allay:
May'st thou survive the perils of this day!
He shall survive; and in late years be sent
To snore away debates in parliament.
The time shall come when his more solid sense
With nod important shall the laws dispense;
A justice with grave justices shall sit;
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;
Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.
Assist me, Bacchus, and ye drunken powers,
To sing his friendships and his midnight hours!
Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
Firm cork'd and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd, or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine?

Think on the mischiefs which from hence have
 sprung!
It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the memory with injurious words.
O where is wisdom when by this o'erpower'd?
The state is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd?
And wilt thou still, O Squire, brew ale so strong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic song.
 Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead drunk, his servile crew supinely snore;
Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came aboard.
 Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd with the billow to and fro,

Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! she cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

A BALLAD.

FROM THE WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days.
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?

Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
  And let my lover rest:
Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
  To that within my breast ?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
  Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
  To losing of my dear ?
Should you some coast be laid on
  Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
  But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
  Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
  Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
  That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
  And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
  Thus wail'd she for her dear:
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
  Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave stooping,
  His floating corpse she spy'd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
  She bow'd her head and dy'd.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

A FABLE.

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:
"This night our minister we name,
Let every servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand."
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat possest,
Advanc'd, and for the wand addrest.
"I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere."
Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems supprest,
most tenacious stubborn guest.
A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
"'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy:
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place."

Stone urg'd his over-growing force;
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd:
" Let none object my lingering way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure, though slow."
Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.
All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation hush'd the band;
When thus the monarch from the throne:
" Merit was ever modest known.
What, no physician speak his right!
None here! but fees their toils requite!
Let then Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
(Whom wary men, as foes, detest)
Forego your claim; no more pretend;
Intemperance is esteem'd a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all."

BARTON BOOTH.

DIED 1733.

An excellent man and an eminent actor.

SONG.

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as air when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes, and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues;
Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
Of verdant spring her note renews;
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
  And vary as the seasons rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
  Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
  Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble tow'rs, and gates of brass,
  In his rude march he levels low:
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
  The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart
  To mingle with the bless'd above,
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
  Twin-born, from heav'n together came:
Love will the universe control,
  When dying seasons lose their name,
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.

GEORGE GRANVILLE,

LORD LANSDOWNE.

BORN 1667.—DIED 1735.

SONG.

LOVE is by fancy led about
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt;
  Whom we now an angel call,
Divinely grac'd in every feature,
Straight 's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature
  Love and hate are fancy all.

'Tis but as fancy shall present
Objects of grief, or of content,
  That the lover's blest, or dies:
Visions of mighty pain, or pleasure,
Imagin'd want, imagin'd treasure,
  All in powerful fancy lies.

MATTHEW GREEN.

BORN 1696.—DIED 1737.

Matthew Green was educated among the dissenters; but left them in disgust at their precision, probably without reverting to the mother church. All that we are told of him is, that he had a post at the custom-house, which he discharged with great fidelity, and died at a lodging in Nag's-head court, Gracechurch-street, aged forty-one. His strong powers of mind had received little advantage from education, and were occasionally subject to depression from hypochondria; but his conversation is said to have abounded in wit and shrewdness. One day his friend Sylvanus Bevan complained to him that while he was bathing in the river he had been saluted by a waterman with the cry of 'Quaker Quirl,' and wondered how he should have been known to be a quaker without his clothes. Green replied, "by your swimming against the stream."

His poem, "the Spleen," was never published in his life-time. Glover, his warm friend, presented it to the world after his death, and it is much to be regretted did not prefix any account of its interesting author. It was originally a very short copy of verses, and was gradually and piecemeal increased. Pope speedily noticed its merit, Melmoth praised its strong

originality in Fitzosborne's Letters, and Gray duly commended it in his correspondence with Lord Orford, when it appeared in Dodsley's collection. In that walk of poetry, where Fancy aspires no farther than to go hand in hand with common sense, its merit is certainly unrivalled.

FROM THE SPLEEN.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire:
By happy alchemy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find:
They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress;
Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose;
And cover'd by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly:
Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares:

But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
The blithsome goddess soothes my care,
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town.
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the plough;
A chief, of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece;
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May heav'n (it's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim:
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;

Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds:
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach;
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind:
Here dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measur'd motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,

Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And naiads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs on side of hills
From plaything urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By av'rice, sphincter of the heart;
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing virtue's liv'ry-smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in fortune's pow'r,
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,

When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reason foil'd.
His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep;
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own,
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,
Borne up on metaphysic wings,
Chases light forms and shadowy things,
And, in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless Spleen,
And Fancy's telescope applies
With tinctur'd glass to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light;

For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,
Dare sunbeam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common sense
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?

That superstition mayn't create,
And club its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask.
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find;
Since optic reason shews me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain;
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders shew,
Who boast themselves by spurious roll
Lords of the manor of the soul;
Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,
O Entium Ens! divinely great!——
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw;

Through fields unknown nor madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands forbear to paint.
Who, features veil'd by light, can hit?
Where can, what has no outline, fit?
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wisdom's sirens caught,
On quicksands swall'wing shipwreck'd thought;
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable, and infinite,
Who can't be cruel, or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home,
Transported here by angry Fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know;
Through life's foul way, like vagrant, pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last;
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.

If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution soon to come,
Like spunge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of pow'r bereave
An endless series to receive;
Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,
Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate:
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale;
At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit.
If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights;
Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers, as I pass,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid:
And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way.

With store sufficient for relief,
And wisely still prepar'd to reef,
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,
I make (may heav'n propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end)
Neither becalm'd, nor overblown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

GEORGE LILLO.

BORN 1693.—DIED 1739.

George Lillo was the son of a Dutch jeweller, who married an English woman, and settled in London. Our poet was born near Moorfields, was bred to his father's business, and followed it for many years. The story of his dying in distress was a fiction of Hammond, the poet; for he bequeathed a considerable property to his nephew, whom he made his heir. It has been said that this bequest was in consequence of his finding the young man disposed to lend him a sum of money at a time when he thought proper to feign pecuniary distress, in order that he might discover the sincerity of those calling themselves his friends. Thomas Davies, his biographer and editor, professes to have got this anecdote from a surviving partner of Lillo. It bears however an intrinsic air of improbability. It is not usual for sensible tradesmen to affect being on the

verge of bankruptcy, and Lillo's character was that of an uncommonly sensible man. Fielding, his intimate friend, ascribes to him a manly simplicity of mind, that is extremely unlike such a stratagem.

Lillo is the tragic poet of middling and familiar life. Instead of heroes from romance and history, he gives the merchant and his apprentice; and the Macbeth of his "*Fatal Curiosity*" is a private gentleman, who has been reduced by his poverty to dispose of his copy of Seneca for a morsel of bread. The mind will be apt, after reading his works, to suggest to itself the question, how far the graver drama would gain or lose by a more general adoption of this plebeian principle. The cares, it may be said, that are most familiar to our existence, and the distresses of those nearest to ourselves in situation, ought to lay the strongest hold upon our sympathies, and the general mass of society ought to furnish a more express image of man than any detached or elevated portion of the species.

Lillo is certainly a master of potent effect in the exhibition of human suffering. His representation of actual or intended murder seems to assume a deeper terror from the familiar circumstances of life with which it is invested. Such indeed is said to have been the effect of a scene in his "Arden of Feversham," that the audience rose up with one accord and interrupted it. The anecdote, whether true or false, must recal to the mind of every one who has perused that piece, the harrowing sympathy which it is calculated to excite. But, notwithstand-

ing the power of Lillo's works, we entirely miss in them that romantic attraction which invites to repeated perusal of them. They give us life in a close and dreadful semblance of reality, but not arrayed in the magic illusion of poetry. His strength lies in conception of situations, not in beauty of dialogue, or in the eloquence of the passions. Yet the effect of his plain and homely subjects was so strikingly superior to that of the vapid and heroic productions of the day, as to induce some of his contemporary admirers to pronounce that he had reached the acme of dramatic excellence, and struck into the best and most genuine path of tragedy. George Barnwell, it was observed, drew more tears than the rants of Alexander. This might be true, but it did not bring the comparison of humble and heroic subjects to a fair test; for the tragedy of Alexander is bad not from its subject, but from the incapacity of the poet who composed it. It does not prove that heroes drawn from history or romance are not at least as susceptible of high and poetical effect as a wicked apprentice, or a distressed gentleman pawning his moveables. It is one question whether Lillo has given to his subjects from private life the degree of beauty of which they are susceptible. He is a master of terrific, but not of tender impressions. We feel a harshness and gloom in his genius even while we are compelled to admire its force and originality.

The peculiar choice of his subjects was happy and commendable as far as it regarded himself, for his talents never succeeded so well when he ventured

out of them. But it is another question, whether the familiar cast of those subjects was fitted to constitute a more genuine, or only a subordinate walk in tragedy. Undoubtedly the genuine delineation of the human heart will please us, from whatever station or circumstances of life it is derived. In the simple pathos of tragedy probably very little difference will be felt from the choice of characters being pitched above or below the line of mediocrity in station. But something more than pathos is required in tragedy; and the very pain that attends our sympathy requires agreeable and romantic associations of the fancy to be blended with its poignancy. Whatever attaches ideas of importance, publicity, and elevation to the object of pity, forms a brightening and alluring medium to the imagination. Athens herself, with all her simplicity and democracy, delighted on the stage to

"let gorgeous Tragedy
"In scepter'd pall come sweeping by."

Even situations far depressed beneath the familiar mediocrity of life, are more picturesque and poetical than its ordinary level. It is certainly on the virtues of the middling rank of life that the strength and comforts of society chiefly depend, in the same manner as we look for the harvest not on cliffs and precipices, but on the easy slope and the uniform plain. But the painter does not in general fix on level countries for the subjects of his noblest landscapes. There is an analogy, I conceive, to this in the moral painting of tragedy. Disparities of station give it

boldness of outline. The commanding situations of life are its mountain scenery—the region where its storm and sunshine may be pourtrayed in their strongest contrast and colouring.

FROM THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Persons.—*Maria, Charlotte,* and *Young Wilmot.*

Enter CHARLOTTE, *thoughtful; and soon after* MARIA *from the other side.*

Mar. MADAM, a stranger in a foreign habit
Desires to see you.
Char. In a foreign habit——
'Tis strange, and unexpected—But admit him.
[*Exit* MARIA
Who can this stranger be? I know no foreigner,

Enter YOUNG WILMOT

Nor any man like this.
Y. Wilm. Ten thousand joys!—
[*going to embrace her.*
Char. You are rude, sir—Pray forbear, and let me know
What business brought you here, or leave the place.
Y. Wilm. She knows me not, or will not seem to know me. [*Aside.*
Perfidious maid! Am I forgot or scorned?
Char. Strange questions from a man I never knew!
Y. Wilm. With what aversion and contempt she views me!

My fears are true; some other has her heart:
—She's lost—My fatal absence has undone me.
[*Aside*.
O! could thy Wilmot have forgot thee, Charlotte!

Char. Ha! Wilmot! say! what do your words import?
O gentle stranger! ease my swelling heart
That else will burst! Canst thou inform me aught?—
What dost thou know of Wilmot?

Y. Wilm. This I know,
When all the winds of heav'n seem'd to conspire
Against the stormy main, and dreadful peals
Of rattling thunder deafen'd ev'ry ear,
And drown'd th' affrighten'd mariners loud cries;
While livid lightning spread its sulph'rous flames
Through all the dark horizon, and disclos'd
The raging seas incens'd to his destruction;
When the good ship in which he was embark'd,
Unable longer to support the tempest,
Broke, and o'erwhelm'd by the impetuous surge,
Sunk to the oozy bottom of the deep,
And left him struggling with the warring waves;
In that dread moment, in the jaws of death,
When his strength fail'd and ev'ry hope forsook him,
And his last breath press'd t'wards his trembling lips,
The neighbouring rocks, that echoed to his moan,
Return'd no sound articulate, but Charlotte!

Char. The fatal tempest whose description strikes
The hearer with astonishment, is ceas'd;
And Wilmot is at rest. The fiercer storm
Of swelling passions that o'erwhelms the soul,

And rages worse than the mad foaming seas
In which he perish'd, ne'er shall vex him more.

Y. Wilm. Thou seem'st to think he's dead; enjoy that thought;
Persuade yourself that what you wish is true,
And triumph in your falsehood—Yes, he's dead;
You were his fate. The cruel winds and waves,
That cast him pale and breathless on the shore,
Spared him for greater woes—To know his Charlotte,
Forgetting all her vows to him and heaven,
Had cast him from her thoughts—Then, then he died;
But never must have rest. Ev'n now he wanders,
A sad, repining, discontented ghost,
The unsubstantial shadow of himself,
And pours his plaintive groans in thy deaf ears,
And stalks, unseen, before thee.

Char. 'Tis enough——
Detested falsehood now has done its worst.
And art thou dead?——And would'st thou die, my Wilmot!
For one thou thought'st unjust?—Thou soul of truth!
What must be done?—Which way shall I express
Unutterable woe? Or how convince
Thy dear departed spirit of the love,
Th' eternal love, and never-failing faith
Of thy much injur'd, lost, despairing Charlotte?

Y. Wilm. Be still, my flutt'ring heart; hope not too soon: [*Aside.*
Perhaps I dream, and this is all illusion.

Char. If, as some teach, the mind intuitive,

Free from the narrow bounds and slavish ties
Of sordid earth, that circumscribe its power
While it remains below, roving at large,
Can trace us to our most conceal'd retreat,
See all we act, and read our very thoughts;
To thee, O Wilmot! kneeling I appeal,
If e'er I swerv'd in action, word, or thought,
From the severest constancy and truth,
Or ever wish'd to taste a joy on earth
That center'd not in thee, since last we parted;
May we ne'er meet again, but thy loud wrongs
So close the ear of mercy to my cries,
That I may never see those bright abodes
Where truth and virtue only have admission,
And thou inhabit'st now.

Y. Wilm. Assist me, heav'n!
Preserve my reason, memory, and sense!
O moderate my fierce tumultuous joys,
Or their excess will drive me to distraction.
O Charlotte! Charlotte! lovely, virtuous maid!
Can thy firm mind, in spite of time and absence,
Remain unshaken, and support its truth;
And yet thy frailer memory retain
No image, no idea of thy lover?
Why dost thou gaze so wildly? Look on me;
Turn thy dear eyes this way; observe me well.
Have scorching climates, time, and this strange habit
So chang'd and so disguis'd thy faithful Wilmot,
That nothing in my voice, my face, or mien,
Remains to tell my Charlotte I am he?

[*After viewing him some time, she approaches weeping, and gives him her hand; and then turning towards him, sinks upon his bosom.*]

Why dost thou weep? Why dost thou tremble thus?
Why doth thy panting heart and cautious touch
Speak thee but half convinc'd? Whence are thy fears?
Why art thou silent? Canst thou doubt me still?

Char. No, Wilmot! no; I'm blind with too much light:
O'ercome with wonder, and opprest with joy;
The struggling passions barr'd the doors of speech,
But speech enlarg'd, affords me no relief.
This vast profusion of extreme delight,
Rising at once, and bursting from despair,
Defies the aid of words, and mocks description:
But for one sorrow, one sad scene of anguish,
That checks the swelling torrent of my joys,
I could not bear the transport.

Y. Wilm. Let me know it:
Give me my portion of thy sorrow, Charlotte!
Let me partake thy grief, or bear it for thee.

Char. Alas! my Wilmot! these sad tears are thine;
They flow for thy misfortunes. I am pierc'd
With all the agonies of strong compassion,
With all the bitter anguish you must feel,
When you shall hear your parents—

Y. Wilm. Are no more.

Char. You apprehend me wrong.

Y. Wilm. Perhaps I do:
Perhaps you mean to say, the greedy grave

Was satisfied with one, and one is left
To bless my longing eyes—But which, my Charlotte?
—And yet forbear to speak, 'till I have thought—
Char. Nay, hear me, Wilmot!
Y. Wilm. I perforce must hear thee:
For I might think 'till death, and not determine,
Of two so dear which I could bear to lose.
Char. Afflict yourself no more with groundless fears:
Your parents both are living. Their distress,
The poverty to which they are reduc'd,
In spite of my weak aid, was what I mourn'd;
And that in helpless age, to them whose youth
Was crown'd with full prosperity, I fear,
Is worse, much worse, than death.
Y. Wilm. My joy's complete.
My parents living, and possess'd of thee!—
From this blest hour, the happiest of my life,
I'll date my rest. My anxious hopes and fears,
My weary travels, and my dangers past,
Are now rewarded all. Now I rejoice
In my success, and count my riches gain.
For know, my soul's best treasure! I have wealth
Enough to glut ev'n avarice itself:
No more shall cruel want, or proud contempt,
Oppress the sinking spirits, or insult
The hoary heads of those who gave me being.
Char. 'Tis now, O riches, I conceive your worth
You are not base, nor can you be superfluous,
But when misplac'd in base and sordid hands.
Fly, fly, my Wilmot! leave thy happy Charlotte!

Thy filial piety, the sighs and tears
Of thy lamenting parents call thee hence.
Y. Wilm. I have a friend, the partner of my voyage,
Who, in the storm last night, was shipwreck'd with me.
Char. Shipwreck'd last night!—O ye immortal pow'rs!
What have you suffer'd—How was you preserv'd?
Y. Wilm. Let that, and all my other strange escapes
And perilous adventures, be the theme
Of many a happy winter night to come.
My present purpose was t' intreat my angel,
To know this friend, this other better Wilmot;
And come with him this evening to my father's:
I'll send him to thee.
Char. I consent with pleasure.
Y. Wilm. Heav'ns, what a night!—How shall I bear my joy?
My parents, yours, my friends, all will be mine,
And mine, like water, air, or the free splendid sun,
The undivided portion of you all.
If such the early hopes, the vernal bloom,
The distant prospect of my future bliss,
Then what the ruddy autumn? what the fruit?
The full possession of thy heavenly charms.
The tedious, dark, and stormy winter o'er
The hind, that all its pinching hardships bore,
With transport sees the weeks appointed bring
The cheerful, promis'd, gay, delightful spring;

The painted meadows, the harmonious woods,
The gentle zephyrs, and unbridled floods,
With all their charms, his ravish'd thoughts employ,
But the rich harvest must complete his joy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A Street in Penryn.*

Enter RANDAL.

Rand. Poor, poor and friendless; whither shall I wander,
And to what point direct my views and hopes?
A menial servant? No.—What, shall I live,
Here in this land of freedom, live distinguish'd,
And mark'd the willing slave of some proud subject,
And swell his useless train for broken fragments;
The cold remains of his superfluous board?—
I would aspire to something more and better—
Turn thy eyes then to the prolific ocean,
Whose spacious bosom opens to thy view:
There deathless honour, and unenvied wealth
Have often crown'd the brave adventurer's toils.
This is the native uncontested right,
The fair inheritance of ev'ry Briton
That dares put in his claim—My choice is made:
A long farewell to Cornwall, and to England!
If I return—But stay, what stranger's this,
Who, as he views me, seems to mend his pace?

Enter YOUNG WILMOT.

Y. Wilm. Randal! the dear companion of my youth!
Sure lavish fortune means to give me all

I could desire, or ask for this blest day,
And leave me nothing to expect hereafter.
Rand. Your pardon, sir; I know but one on earth
Could properly salute me by the title
You're pleas'd to give me, and I would not think
That you are he—That you are Wilmot.—
Y. Wilm. Why?
Rand. Because I could not bear the disappointment
Should I be deceiv'd.
Y. Wilm. I'm pleas'd to hear it:
Thy friendly fears better express thy thoughts
Than words could do.
Rand. O, Wilmot! O, my master!
Are you return'd?
Y. Wilm. I have not yet embrac'd
My parents—I shall see you at my father's.
Rand. No, I'm discharg'd from thence—O, sir, such ruin—
Y. Wilm. I've heard it all, and hasten to relieve 'em:
Sure heaven hath blest me to that very end:
I've wealth enough; nor shalt thou want a part.
Rand. I have a part already—I am blest
In your success, and share in all your joys.
Y. Wilm. I doubt it not—But tell me, dost thou think,
My parents not suspecting my return,
That I may visit them, and not be known?
Rand. 'Tis hard for me to judge. You are already
Grown so familiar to me, that I wonder

I knew you not at first: yet it may be;
For you're much alter'd, and they think you dead.
Y. Wilm. This is certain; Charlotte beheld me long,
And heard my loud reproaches and complaints
Without rememb'ring she had ever seen me.
My mind at ease grows wanton: I would fain
Refine on happiness. Why may I not
Indulge my curiosity, and try
If it be possible by seeing first
My parents as a stranger, to improve
Their pleasure by surprise?
Rand. It may indeed
Inhance your own, to see from what despair
Your timely coming, and unhop'd success,
Have given you power to raise them.
Y. Wilm. I remember,
E'er since we learn'd together you excell'd
In writing fairly, and could imitate
Whatever hand you saw with great exactness.
Of this I'm not so absolute a master.
I therefore beg you'll write, in Charlotte's name
And character, a letter to my father;
And recommend me, as a friend of hers,
To his acquaintance.
Rand. Sir, if you desire it——
And yet—
Y. Wilm. Nay, no objections—'Twill save time,
Most precious with me now. For the deception,
If doing what my Charlotte will approve,
'Cause done for me and with a good intent,

Deserves the name, I'll answer it myself.
If this succeeds, I purpose to defer
Discov'ring who I am till Charlotte comes,
And thou, and all who love me. Ev'ry friend
Who witnesses my happiness to-night,
Will, by partaking, multiply my joys.

Rand. You grow luxurious in your mental pleasures:
Could I deny you aught, I would not write
This letter. To say true, I ever thought
Your boundless curiosity a weakness.

Y. Wilm. What can'st thou blame in this?

Rand. Your pardon, sir;
I only speak in general: I'm ready
T' obey your orders.

Y. Wilm. I am much thy debtor,
But I shall find a time to quit thy kindness.
O Randal! but imagine to thyself
The floods of transport, the sincere delight
That all my friends will feel, when I disclose
To my astonish'd parents my return;
And then confess, that I have well contriv'd
By giving others joy t' exalt my own.
As pain, and anguish, in a gen'rous mind,
While kept conceal'd and to ourselves confin'd,
Want half their force; so pleasure, when it flows
In torrents round us, more ecstatic grows.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A room in Old Wilmot's house.*

Old WILMOT *and his Wife* AGNES.

O. Wilm. Here, take this Seneca, this haughty pedant,
Who governing the master of mankind,
And awing power imperial, prates of—patience;
And praises poverty—possess'd of millions:
—Sell him, and buy us bread. The scantiest meal
The vilest copy of his book e'er purchas'd,
Will give us more relief in this distress,
Than all his boasted precepts.—Nay, no tears;
Keep them to move compassion when you beg.

Agn. My heart may break, but never stoop to that.

O. Wilm. Nor would I live to see it.—But dispatch. [*Exit* AGNES.
Where must I charge this length of misery,
That gathers force each moment as it rolls,
And must at last o'erwhelm me; but on hope,
Vain, flattering, delusive, groundless hope;
A senseless expectation of relief
That has for years deceiv'd me?——Had I thought
As I do now, as wise men ever think,
When first this hell of poverty o'ertook me,
That power to die implies a right to do it,
And should be us'd when life becomes a pain,
What plagues had I prevented.——True, my wife
Is still a slave to prejudice and fear——

I would not leave my better part, the dear [*Weeps.*
Faithful companion of my happier days,
To bear the weight of age and want alone.
——I'll try once more——

Enter AGNES, *and after her* YOUNG WILMOT.

O. Wilm. Return'd, my life, so soon?——
Agn. The unexpected coming of this stranger
Prevents my going yet.
Y. Wilm. You're, I presume,
The gentleman to whom this is directed.
[*Gives a letter.*
What wild neglect, the token of despair,
[*Aside*] What indigence, what misery appears
In each disorder'd, or disfurnish'd room
Of this once gorgeous house! What discontent,
What anguish and confusion fill the faces
Of its dejected owners!
O. Wilm. Sir, such welcome
As this poor house affords, you may command.
Our ever friendly neighbour——Once we hop'd
T' have called fair Charlotte by a dearer name——
But we have done with hope—I pray excuse
This incoherence——we had once a son. [*Weeps.*
Agn. That you are come from that dear virtuous maid,
Revives in us the mem'ry of a loss,
Which, though long since, we have not learn'd to bear.
Y. Wilm. [*Aside.*] The joy to see them, and the bitter pain

It is to see them thus, touches my soul
With tenderness and grief, that will o'erflow.
My bosom heaves and swells, as it would burst;
My bowels move, and my heart melts within me.
——They know me not, and yet, I fear, I shall
Defeat my purpose and betray myself.

O. Wilm. The lady calls you here her valued friend;
Enough, though nothing more should be implied,
To recommend you to our best esteem,
—A worthless acquisition!——May she find
Some means that better may express her kindness!
But she, perhaps, hath purpos'd to enrich
You with herself, and end her fruitless sorrow
For one whom death alone can justify
For leaving her so long. If it be so,
May you repair his loss, and be to Charlotte
A second, happier Wilmot. Partial nature,
Who only favours youth as feeble age
Were not her offspring or below her care,
Has seal'd our doom: no second hope shall spring
From my dead loins, and Agnes' steril womb,
To dry our tears, and dissipate despair.

Agn. The last and most abandon'd of our kind,
By heaven and earth neglected or despis'd,
The loathsome grave, that robb'd us of our son
And all our joys in him, must be our refuge.

Y. Wilm. Let ghosts unpardon'd, or devoted fiends,
Fear without hope, and wail in such sad strains;

But grace defend the living from despair.
The darkest hours precede the rising sun;
And mercy may appear when least expected.

O. Wilm. This I have heard a thousand times repeated,
And have, believing, been as oft deceiv'd.

Y. Wilm. Behold in me an instance of its truth.
At sea twice shipwreck'd, and as oft the prey
Of lawless pirates; by the Arabs thrice
Surpris'd, and robb'd on shore; and once reduc'd
To worse than these, the sum of all distress
That the most wretched feel on this side hell,
Ev'n slav'ry itself: yet here I stand,
Except one trouble that will quickly end,
The happiest of mankind.

O. Wilm. A rare example
Of fortune's caprice; apter to surprise,
Or entertain, than comfort, or instruct.
If you would reason from events, be just,
And count, when you escap'd, how many perish'd,
And draw your inf'rence thence.

Agn. Alas! who knows
But we were render'd childless by some storm,
In which you, though preserv'd, might bear a part.

Y. Wilm. How has my curiosity betray'd me
Into superfluous pain! I faint with fondness;
And shall, if I stay longer, rush upon 'em,
Proclaim myself their son, kiss and embrace 'em
Till their souls, transported with the excess
Of pleasure and surprise, quit their frail mansions,

And leave 'em breathless in my longing arms.
By circumstances then, and slow degrees,
They must be let into a happiness
Too great for them to bear at once, and live:
That Charlotte will perform: I need not feign
To ask an hour for rest. [*Aside.*] Sir, I intreat
The favour to retire where, for a while,
I may repose myself. You will excuse
This freedom, and the trouble that I give you:
'Tis long since I have slept, and nature calls.

O. Wilm. I pray no more: believe we're only troubl'd,
That you should think any excuse were needful.

Y. Wilm. The weight of this is some incumbrance to me;
[*Takes a casket out of his bosom, and gives it to his mother.*]
And its contents of value: if you please
To take the charge of it 'till I awake,
I shall not rest the worse. If I should sleep
Till I am ask'd for, as perhaps I may,
I beg that you would wake me.

Agn. Doubt it not:
Distracted as I am with various woes,
I shall remember that. [*Exit.*

Y. Wilm. Merciless grief!
What ravage has it made! how has it chang'd
Her lovely form and mind! I feel her anguish,
And dread I know not what from her despair.
My father too——O grant 'em patience, heav'n!

A little longer, a few short hours more,
And all their cares, and mine, shall end for ever.
[*Aside.*
How near is misery and joy allied!
Nor eye nor thought can their extremes divide:
A moment's space is long, and lightning slow
To fate descending to reverse our woe,
Or blast our hopes, and all our joys o'erthrow.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

The Scene continued. Enter AGNES, *alone, with the casket in her hand.*

Agn. Who should this stranger be? And then this casket—
He says it is of value, and yet trusts it,
As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand—
His confidence amazes me—Perhaps
It is not what he says—I'm strongly tempted
To open it, and see—No, let it rest.
Why should my curiosity excite me
To search and pry into th' affairs of others,
Who have t' employ my thoughts, so many cares
And sorrows of my own?—With how much ease
The spring gives way! Surprising! most prodigious!
My eyes are dazzled, and my ravish'd heart
Leaps at the glorious sight. How bright's the lustre,
How immense the worth of these fair jewels!
Ay, such a treasure would expel for ever

Base poverty, and all its abject train;
The mean devices we're reduc'd to use
To keep out famine, and preserve our lives
From day to day; the cold neglect of friends;
The galling scorn, or more provoking pity
Of an insulting world——Possess'd of these,
Plenty, content, and pow'r, might take their turn,
And lofty pride bare its aspiring head
At our approach, and once more bend before us.
—A pleasing dream! 'Tis past; and now I wake
More wretched by the happiness I've lost;
For sure it was a happiness to think,
Though but a moment, such a treasure mine.
Nay, it was more than thought—I saw and touch'd
The bright temptation, and I see it yet——
'Tis here—'tis mine—I have it in possession——
——Must I resign it? Must I give it back?
Am I in love with misery and want?——
To rob myself, and court so vast a loss?——
Retain it then——But how? There is a way——
Why sinks my heart? Why does my blood run cold?
Why am I thrill'd with horror? 'Tis not choice,
But dire necessity suggests the thought.

Enter OLD WILMOT.

O. Wilm. The mind contented, with how little pains
The wand'ring senses yield to soft repose,
And die to gain new life! He's fallen asleep
Already——Happy man! What dost thou think,

My Agnes, of our unexpected guest?
He seems to me a youth of great humanity:
Just ere he clos'd his eyes, that swam in tears,
He wrung my hand, and press'd it to his lips;
And with a look, that pierc'd me to the soul,
Begg'd me to comfort thee: and—Dost thou hear
me?—
What art thou gazing on? Fie, 'tis not well——
This casket was deliver'd to you closed:
Why have you open'd it? Should this be known,
How mean must we appear.

Agn. And who shall know it?

O. Wilm. There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity
Due to ourselves; which, spite of our misfortunes,
May be maintain'd and cherish'd to the last.
To live without reproach, and without leave
To quit the world, shews sovereign contempt,
And noble scorn of its relentless malice.

Agn. Shews sovereign madness, and a scorn of
sense!
Pursue no farther this detested theme:
I will not die,—I will not leave the world
For all that you can urge, until compell'd.

O. Wilm. To chase a shadow, when the setting sun
Is darting his last rays, were just as wise
As your anxiety for fleeting life,
Now the last means for its support are failing:
Were famine not as mortal as the sword,
This warmth might be excus'd—But take thy choice:
Die how you will, you shall not die alone.

Agn. Nor live, I hope.

O. Wilm. There is no fear of that.

Agn. Then we'll live both.

O. Wilm. Strange folly! where's the means?

Agn. The means are there; those jewels——

O. Wilm. Ha!——Take heed:
Perhaps thou dost but try me; yet take heed-
There's nought so monstrous but the mind of man
In some conditions may be brought t'approve;
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
When flatt'ring opportunity entic'd,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them nam'd.

Agn. And add to these detested suicide,
Which, by a crime much less, we may avoid.

O. Wilm. Th' inhospitable murder of our guest!—
How couldst thou form a thought so very tempting,
So advantageous, so secure, and easy;
And yet so cruel, and so full of horror?

Agn. 'Tis less impiety, less against nature,
To take another's life, than end our own.

O. Wilm. It is no matter, whether this or that
Be, in itself, the less or greater crime:
Howe'er we may deceive ourselves or others,
We act from inclination, not by rule,
Or none could act amiss——And that all err,
None but the conscious hypocrite denies.
——O! what is man, his excellence and strength,
When in an hour of trial and desertion,
Reason, his noblest power, may be suborn'd
To plead the cause of vile assassination!

Agn. You're too severe: reason may justly plead
For her own preservation.
O. Wilm. Rest contented:
Whate'er resistance I may seem to make,
I am betray'd within: my will 's seduc'd,
And my whole soul infected. The desire
Of life returns, and brings with it a train
Of appetites, that rage to be supplied.
Whoever stands to parley with temptation,
Does it to be o'ercome.
Agn. Then nought remains,
But the swift execution of a deed
That is not to be thought on, or delay'd.
We must dispatch him sleeping: should he wake,
'Twere madness to attempt it.
O. Wilm. True; his strength
Single is more, much more than ours united;
So may his life, perhaps, as far exceed
Ours in duration, should he 'scape this snare.
Gen'rous, unhappy man! O what could move thee
To put thy life and fortune in the hands
Of wretches mad with anguish?
Agn. By what means?
By stabbing, suffocation, or by strangling,
Shall we effect his death?
O. Wilm. Why, what a fiend!——
How cruel, how remorseless and impatient
Have pride and poverty made thee!
Agn. Barbarous man!
Whose wasteful riots ruin'd our estate,
And drove our son, ere the first down had spread

His rosy cheeks, spite of my sad presages,
Earnest intreaties, agonies and tears,
To seek his bread 'mongst strangers, and to perish
In some remote, inhospitable land——
The loveliest youth, in person and in mind,
That ever crown'd a groaning mother's pains!
Where was thy pity, where thy patience then?
Thou cruel husband! thou unnat'ral father!
Thou most remorseless, most ungrateful man,
To waste my fortune, rob me of my son;
To drive me to despair, and then reproach me
For being what thou'st made me.

O. Wilm. Dry thy tears:
I ought not to reproach thee. I confess
That thou hast suffer'd much: so have we both.
But chide no more: I'm wrought up to thy purpose.
The poor, ill-fated, unsuspecting victim,
Ere he reclin'd him on the fatal couch,
From which he's ne'er to rise, took off the sash,
And costly dagger that thou saw'st him wear;
And thus, unthinking, furnish'd us with arms
Against himself. Which shall I use?

Agn. The sash.
If you make use of that, I can assist.

O. Wilm. No.
'Tis a dreadful office, and I'll spare
Thy trembling hands the guilt——steal to the door,
And bring me word; if he be still asleep.

[*Exit* AGNES.

Or I'm deceiv'd, or he pronounc'd himself

The happiest of mankind. Deluded wretch!
Thy thoughts are perishing, thy youthful joys,
Touch'd by the icy hand of grisly death,
Are with'ring in their bloom——But thought extinguish'd
He'll never know the loss, nor feel the bitter
Pangs of disappointment——Then I was wrong
In counting him a wretch: To die well pleas'd,
Is all the happiest of mankind can hope for.
To be a wretch, is to survive the loss
Of every joy, and even hope itself,
As I have done——Why do I mourn him then?
For, by the anguish of my tortur'd soul,
He's to be envied, if compar'd with me.

THOMAS TICKELL.

BORN 1686.—DIED 1740.

Thomas Tickell, the son of the Rev. Richard Tickell, was born at Bridekirk, in Cumberland, studied at Oxford, and obtained a fellowship, which he vacated by marrying about his fortieth year. Though he sung the praises of peace when the Tories were negotiating with France, he seems from the rest of his writings, and his close connexion with Addison, to have deserved the epithet of Whiggissimus, which Swift bestowed on him. His

friendship with Addison lasted for life; he accompanied him to Ireland in the suite of Lord Sunderland, became his secretary when Addison was made secretary of state, was left the charge of publishing his works, and prefixed to them his excellent elegy. He was afterwards secretary to the lords justices of Ireland, a place which he held till his death.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK, ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid:
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!

While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee!
Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.
In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbody'd mind?

A winged virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battl'd, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form, which, so the heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me;
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song:

There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears?
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees.
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.
From other hills, however fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!
These works divine, which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs! th' expiring sage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.

Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell!
Farewell! whom, join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face:
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh, have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;

And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound:
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

" I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
" Which says, I must not stay;
" I see a hand, you cannot see,
" Which beckons me away.
" By a false heart, and broken vows,
" In early youth I die:
" Was I to blame, because his bride
" Was thrice as rich as I?

" Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
" Vows due to me alone:
" Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
" Nor think him all thy own.
" To-morrow, in the church to wed,
" Impatient, both prepare!
" But know, fond maid; and know, false man,
" That Lucy will be there!

" Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
" This bridegroom blithe to meet,
" He in his wedding-trim so gay,
" I in my winding-sheet."
She spoke; she died; her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,

He in his wedding trim so gay,
  She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
  How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
  And all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
  At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
  He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!
  The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
  She saw her husband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
  Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
  For ever he remains.

Oft at his grave the constant hind
  And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
  They deck the sacred green;
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
  This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
  And fear to meet him there.

JAMES HAMMOND.

BORN 1710.—DIED 1742.

ELEGY XIII.

He imagines himself married to Delia, and that, content with each other, they are retired into the country.

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound:

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!
Or, lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest!

Or, if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur as they glide away!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go!
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia and myself alone.
* * * * * * *

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock:

Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep!

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still:

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart;
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead,
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Through all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

JOHN OLDMIXON,

Ridiculed in the Tatler under the name of Omikron, the unborn poet, and one of the heroes of the Dunciad, who mounts the side of a lighter in order to plunge with more effect. His party virulence was rewarded with the place of collector of the customs at the port of Bridgewater.

SONG.

FROM HIS POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS, IN IMITATION OF THE MANNER OF ANACREON.

I lately vow'd, but 'twas in haste,
  That I no more would court
The joys that seem when they are past
  As dull as they are short.

I oft to hate my mistress swear,
  But soon my weakness find;
I make my oaths when she's severe,
  But break them when she's kind.

ON HIMSELF.

FROM ANACREON

UNDERNEATH a myrtle shade,
On a bank of roses laid,
Let me drink, and let me play,
Let me revel all the day.

Love, descending from his state,
On my festivals shall wait;
Love among my slaves shall shine,
And attend to fill me wine.

Swift as chariot wheels we fly,
To the minute we must die;
Then we moulder in an urn,
Then we shall to dust return.

Then in vain you'll 'noint my tomb
With your oils and your perfume;
Rather let them now be mine,
Roses round my temples twine.

You who love me now I live,
Give me what you have to give;
Let Elysium be my care,
When the gods shall send me there.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

BORN 1692.—DIED 1742.

William Somerville was born at Edston, in Warwickshire, of an ancient and illustrious family. He possessed an estate of 1500*l.* a year, was amiable and hospitable, and united elegant and refined pursuits with the active amusements which he has celebrated in his poem of the Chase; but from deficiency in economy and temperance was driven, according to Shenstone's account, to drink himself into pains of body in order to get rid of those of the mind.

BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT.

A TALE

"For shame," said Ebony, "for shame,
"Tom Ruby, troth, you're much to blame,
"To drink at this confounded rate,
"To guzzle thus, early and late."
Poor Tom, who just had took his whet,
And at the door his uncle met,
Surpris'd and thunder-struck, would fain
Make his escape, but, oh! in vain.
Each blush, that glow'd with an ill grace,
Lighted the flambeaux in his face;

No loop-hole left, no slight pretence,
To palliate the foul offence.
" I own (said he) I'm very bad—
" A sot—incorrigibly mad—
" But, sir—I thank you for your love,
" And by your lectures would improve:
" Yet, give me leave to say, the street
" For conference is not so meet.
" Here, in this room—nay, sir, come in—
" Expose, chastise me for my sin;
" Exert each trope, your utmost art,
" To touch this senseless, flinty heart.
" I'm conscious of my guilt, 'tis true,
" But yet I know my frailty too;
" A slight rebuke will never do.
" Urge home my faults—come in, I pray—
" Let not my soul be cast away."
Wise Ebony, who deem'd it good
T' encourage by all means he could
These first appearances of grace,
Follow'd up stairs, and took his place.
The bottle and the crust appear'd,
And wily Tom demurely sneer'd.
" My duty, sir!"—" Thank you, kind Tom."—
" Again, an't please you."—" Thank you: Come."
" Sorrow is dry—I must once more—"
" Nay, Tom, I told you at the door
" I would not drink—what! before dinner?—
" Not one glass more, as I'm a sinner—
" Come, to the point in hand; is't fit
" A man of your good sense and wit

"Those parts which heaven bestow'd should
        drown,
"A butt to all the sots in town?
"Why, tell me, Tom—what fort can stand
"(Though regular, and bravely mann'd)
"If night and day the fierce foe plies
"With never-ceasing batteries;
"Will there not be a breach at last?"—
"Uncle, 'tis true—forgive what's past."
"But if nor interest, nor fame,
"Nor health, can your dull soul reclaim,
"Hast not a conscience, man? no thought
"Of an hereafter? dear are bought
"These sensual pleasures."—"I relent,
"Kind sir—but give your zeal a vent—"
Then, pouting, hung his head; yet still
Took care his uncle's glass to fill,
Which as his hurried spirits sunk,
Unwittingly, good man! he drunk.
Each pint, alas! drew on the next,
Old Ebony stuck to his text,
Grown warm, like any angel spoke,
Till intervening hickups broke
The well-strung argument. Poor Tom
Was now too forward to reel home
That preaching still, this still repenting,
Both equally to drink consenting,
Till both brimful could swill no more,
And fell dead drunk upon the floor.
  Bacchus, the jolly god, who sate
Wide-straddling o'er his tun in state,

Close by the window side, from whence
He heard this weighty conference;
Joy kindling in his ruddy cheeks,
Thus the indulgent godhead speaks:
" Frail mortals, know, reason in vain
" Rebels, and would disturb my reign.
" See there the sophister o'erthrown,
" With stronger arguments knock'd down
" Than e'er in wrangling schools were known!
" The wine that sparkles in this glass
" Smooths every brow, gilds every face:
" As vapours when the sun appears,
" Far hence anxieties and fears:
" Grave ermine smiles, lawn sleeves grow gay,
" Each haughty monarch owns my sway,
" And cardinals and popes obey:
" Ev'n Cato drank his glass, 'twas I
" Taught the brave patriot how to die
" For injur'd Rome and liberty;
" 'Twas I who with immortal lays
" Inspir'd the bard that sung his praise.
" Let dull unsociable fools
" Loll in their cells, and live by rules;
" My votaries, in gay delight
" And mirth, shall revel all the night;
" Act well their parts on life's dull stage,
" And make each moment worth an age."

RICHARD WEST.

BORN 1716.—DIED 1742.

Richard West, the lamented friend of Gray, who died in his twenty-sixth year.

AD AMICOS[1].

Yes, happy youths, on Camus' sedgy side,
You feel each joy that friendship can divide;
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore.
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius, or the heart to mend;
Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone, ye chuse
To catch the zephyr, and to court the muse.
Mean time at me (while all devoid of art
These lines give back the image of my heart)
At me the pow'r that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate;
From you remote, methinks, alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land;
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, and mix their hearts with mine.

[1] An imitation of Elegy V. 3d book of Tibullus.—This poem was written by this interesting youth at the age of twenty.

Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
For ever blot the sunshine of my days;
To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her rosy face away.

Just heav'n! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet just started from the lists of time,
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah, who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year,
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray?
Stern Power of Fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.
How weak is man to Reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;

Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the stream, beside whose wat'ry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head,
Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below;
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.

But why repine? Does life deserve my sigh?
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all-conquering Death shall spread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not; though this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before;
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air;

Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor Nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend:
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the Poet but the Friend sincere.

JAMES EYRE WEEKES.

FROM POEMS PRINTED AT CORK, 1743.

THE FIVE TRAITORS.

A SONG.

There's not a sense but still betrays,
  Like bosom-snakes, their master;
Where'er my various fancy strays,
  It still brings some disaster;
For all my different senses move
To the same centre—fatal love!

My rebel eyes betray my heart,
  And ruin me by gazing,
Like burning glasses flames impart,
  And set me all a blazing:
These treach'rous twins, which should protect,
Like fatal stars my peace have wreck'd.

My simple ears my soul betray,
  By list'ning to the syren;

They who should guard th' important way,
With sounds my heart environ;
Brib'd they admit such potent foes
As rob me of my sweet repose.

My smell, too, plays a traitor's part,
Her fragrant breath admitting;
Her perfum'd sighs sharp stings impart,
My simple soul outwitting:
Poor I am led thus by the nose,
And find the nettle in the rose.

My taste the dangerous nectar sips,—
Such nectar Gods ne'er tasted;
And sucks ambrosia from her lips;
With ruin thus I'm feasted:
My palate, which should be my cook,
Destroys me with the poison'd hook.

My touch—oh, there contagion lies!
Whene'er I touch I tremble;
Through all my frame th' enchantment flies,
An aspin I resemble;
My lips, deluding me with bliss,
Betray their master with a kiss.

Whate'er I see, or hear, or smell,
Or taste, or touch, delighted,
By all together, like a spell,
Am I to love invited:
All other things their ruin shun,
But I am by myself undone.

RICHARD SAVAGE,

Son of the unnatural Anne Countess of Macclesfield, by Earl Rivers, was born in 1697-8, and died in a jail at Bristol, 1743.

THE BASTARD.

In gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muse, exulting, thus her lay began.
"Blest be the Bastard's birth! through wondrous ways,
He shines eccentric like a comet's blaze!
No sickly fruit of faint compliance he!
He! stampt in nature's mint of ecstacy!
He lives to build, not boast, a generous race:
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face:
His daring hope no sire's example bounds;
His first-born lights no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame;
He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.
"Born to himself, by no possession led,
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed;
Nor guides, nor rules, his sovereign choice control,
His body independent as his soul;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoy'd no aim,
Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own.
"O mother, yet no mother! 'tis to you
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due;

You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral and divine,
Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from shore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.
"What had I lost, if, conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,
And coldly conscious of a husband's right,
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,
And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state;
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumbering in a seat by chance my own.
"Far nobler blessings wait the bastard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as necessity, he starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day."
Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
I sung: gay fluttering hope my fancy fir'd:
Inly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom how to balance will,
Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose and to act were one;

Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now expos'd, and shrinking from distress,
I fly to shelter while the tempests press;
My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.
O Memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
Why didst thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to every blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not;
While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall,
Yet thou repeat'st and multiply'st them all.
Is chance a guilt? that my disasterous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin?—Ah, plead no more!
What though no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er?
Had Heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provok'd—or thou hadst died.
Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through Pity's eye condemn'd to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way?
He might have liv'd till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.

He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
Both happy, generous, candid, and belov'd,
He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to fall,
And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.
O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest?—No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then screen from future harm?
Am I return'd from death to live in pain?
Or would imperial Pity save in vain?
Distrust it not—What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miscall'd, farewell—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,
Alone from strangers every comfort flow'd!
Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before;
New-born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
Majestic mother of a kneeling state!
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

ALEXANDER POPE

BORN 1688.—DIED 1744.

The faults of Pope's private character have been industriously exposed by his latest editor and biographer, a gentleman whose talents and virtuous indignation were worthy of a better employment. In the moral portrait of Pope which he has drawn, all the agreeable traits of tender and faithful attachment in his nature have been thrown into the shade, while his deformities are brought out in the strongest, and sometimes exaggerated colours.

The story of his publishing a character of the Duchess of Marlborough, after having received a bribe to suppress it, rests on the sole authority of Horace Walpole: but Dr. J. Warton, in relating it, adds a circumstance which contradicts the statement itself. The duchess's imputed character appeared in 1746, two years after Pope's death; Pope therefore could not have himself published it; and it is exceedingly improbable that the bribe ever existed. Pope was a steady and fond friend. We shall be told, perhaps, of his treachery to Bolingbroke, in publishing the Patriot King. An explanation of this business was given by the late Earl of Marchmont to a gentleman still living, the Honourable George Rose, which is worth attending to. The Earl of Marchmont's account of it, first published by Mr. A. Chalmers, in the Biographical Dictionary, is the following.

"The essay on the Patriot King was undertaken at the pressing instance of Lord Cornbury, very warmly supported by the earnest entreaties of Lord Marchmont, with which Lord Bolingbroke at length complied. When it was written it was shewn to the two lords and one other confidential friend, who were so much pleased with it that they did not cease their importunities to have it published, till his lordship, after much hesitation, consented to print it, with a positive determination, however, against a publication at that time; assigning as his reason, that the work was not finished in such a way as he wished it to be before it went into the world. Conformably to that determination some copies of the essay were printed, which were distributed to Lord Cornbury, Lord Marchmont, Sir W. Wyndham, Mr. Lyttleton, Mr. Pope, and Lord Chesterfield. Mr. Pope put his copy into the hands of Mr. Allen, of Prior Park, near Bath, stating to him the injunction of Lord Bolingbroke; but that gentleman was so captivated with it as to press Mr. Pope to allow him to print a small impression at his own expense, using such caution as should effectually prevent a single copy getting into the possession of any one till the consent of the author should be obtained. Under a solemn engagement to that effect, Mr. Pope very reluctantly consented: the edition was then printed, packed up, and deposited in a separate warehouse, of which Mr. Pope had the key. On the circumstance being made known to Lord Bolingbroke, who was then a guest in his own house

at Battersea with Lord Marchmont, to whom he had lent it for two or three years, his lordship was in great indignation, to appease which Lord Marchmont sent Mr. Grevenkop, (a German gentleman who had travelled with him, and was afterwards in the household of Lord Chesterfield, when lord lieutenant of Ireland) to bring out the whole edition, of which a bonfire was instantly made on the terrace of Battersea."

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper: Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—this verse to Caryl, Muse[1] is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.
Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage?
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?
Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lapdogs give themselves the rouzing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below;
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
What though no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead.
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive,

For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name;
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shape they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friends, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.
Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the gnome's embrace.
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, 'your Grace' salutes their ear.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new,
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can;
Beware of all, but most beware of man!

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Innumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:

Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind

In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
Th' adventurous baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and every power ador'd;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer;
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die;

Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay;
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts opprest,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;
Soft o'er the shroud aerial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tinctures of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd·
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun:
   Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aerial kind.
Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high.
Or roll the planets through the boundless s

Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintery main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.
 Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.
 This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapp'd in night
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China-jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball;
Or whether heav'n has deem'd that Shock must fall.

Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale.
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend:
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendents of her ear;

With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its
name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine,
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore:
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
  Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-coloured troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.
  The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
  Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.

With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
  Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Clubs' black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in state unwieldly spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
  The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen with powers combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,

The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's face forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate,
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen.
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;

Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.

Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.
The Peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last!
Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
(The victor cried), the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise, shall live!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial powers of Troy.

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.
For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and
noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant vapour o'er the palace flies:
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand,
Then thus address'd the power:—Hail, wayward
queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion where no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the spleen.
The goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wonderous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.

A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! replied)
Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence, to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I then your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,

And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow!
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—" My Lord, why, what the devil?
" Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
" Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
" Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.
It grieves me much (replied the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honour shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.

Then, see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languishing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said:
For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away!
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
Oh, had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land:
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh, had I staid, and said my prayers at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tottering china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hand shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;

Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began.
  Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd beaux?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing to use?
To patch, nay ogle, may become a saint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.

But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding jail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack,
Heroes and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapon in their hands are found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mor: il wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:

Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair.
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.

Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)
Boast not my fall (he cried), insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah! let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.
Restore the Lock, she cries; and all around,
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heaven decrees! with heaven who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there

There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases:
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound;
The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heaven bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.
This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.

For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

BORN 1667.—DIED 1744.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

ON THE EVER-LAMENTED LOSS OF THE TWO YEW-TREES IN THE PARISH OF CHILTHORNE, SOMERSET. 1708.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,

Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.
  Our wandering saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last,
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry,—What art?
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand:

Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints, the hermits said;
No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.
  They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
  The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
  The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a superior force,
Applied at bottom, stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
  A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower:
The flier, though 't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see 't;

But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,

Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.
The cottage by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style:
Then said, My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine;
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the parson, if you please.
He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assum'd a sable hue;
But, being old, continued just
As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues:
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;

Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for right divine;
Found his head fill'd with many a system:
But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.
Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin flounc'd with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
And she admir'd as much at him.
Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife;
When on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cried out,
My dear, I see your forehead sprout!
Sprout! quoth the man; what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous!
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my Muse;
In short, they both were turn'd to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers, he the trees has seen;
He 'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight:
On Sundays, after evening-prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew;
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd,
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubbed, died a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

ON POETRY.

A RHAPSODY, 1733.

All human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years;

While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature,
Who, led by folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear,
With obstinacy fixes there:
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.
Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round;
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies littering under hedges;

Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state.
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire.
What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public use?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets, law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter.
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;
Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.
Poor starveling bard, how small thy gains
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a simile comes pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;

Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner.
Consult yourself; and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologues sent from hand unknown.
Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.
Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous breaks and dashes.
To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in Italic type.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:

But, when in capitals exprest,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer, more than Homer knew.
Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into 't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:
And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd!
The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.
Be sure at Will's the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion:
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:

For poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And, since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon 't their judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:
You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggrel, Grub-street sends,
Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
  Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail: yet Safe 's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similes that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town jests and coffee-house conceits;
Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;

And A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private robber,
A statesman, or a South-sea jobber;
A prelate who no God believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pick-purse at the bar or bench;
A duchess, or a suburb wench:
Or oft, when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like stepping-stones to save a stride,
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge, that joins a marish
To moorland of a different parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
  But, though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party-merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:

Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
  A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower;
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble senate this professes,
In all their speeches, votes, addresses.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze:
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell:
And lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And, as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple-barking mouth to stop;
Or in the ivory gate of dreams
Project excise and South-sea schemes;
Or hire their party pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.

Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muse on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own;
For law and gospel both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine:
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.
But, if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case)
Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution us'd, may serve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities, in time and place;
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;

Judicious Rymer oft' review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu;
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in
(Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.)
A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *peri hupsous;*
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote quotation on quotation.
At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like courtiers, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
To get the name of connoisseur:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.

For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sovereign.
In every street a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His undisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end,
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.
Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:
And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish-town:
Tigellius, plac'd in Phœbus' car,
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar.
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birth-day strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace;
Where Pope will never show his face;

Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.
But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their pericranies,
Out skips a book of miscellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
The greater for the smallest watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw,
A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs:
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise,
And strive to tear you limb from limb;
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only tease and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;

And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum.*
Thus every poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces fools and sons of whores,
Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outsung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born;
And all their brother-dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place:
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood,
Since first the court allow'd them food.
Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.

From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the low sublime!
For when our high-born Howard died,
Blackmore alone his place supplied:
And, lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolv'd to thee,
Great poet of the hollow tree.
But ah! how unsecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to descend.
In bulk there are not more degrees,
From elephants to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse, and worse, they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all?
For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite;
In poetry, the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance, when you rashly think
No rhymer can like Welsted sink,
His merits balanc'd, you shall find
The laureate leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aspiring bard,
Soars downwards deeper by a yard.

Smart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops:
The rest pursue as thick as hops.
With heads to points the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And, as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.
  Oh, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muse's name!
By flattering kings, whom heaven design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.
  Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter;
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
The consort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.

Our eldest hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, oh may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think, what wonders will be done,
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood:
Bright goddesses, in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
Now sing the *minister of state,*
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court;
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praises every Muse shall sing!
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose, to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honour of your peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.

Now, learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breasts and sides Herculean
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.
  Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strow your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load;
But Europe mortified his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals lied.
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Applied to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.
  Translate me now some lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all power in heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either side;
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share.
Yet why should we be lac'd so strait?
I'll give my monarch better weight.

And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.

JAMES BRAMSTON.

DIED 1744.

I HAVE applied to many individuals for information respecting the personal history of this writer, but have not been able to obtain it, even from the quarters where it was most likely to be found. He was born, probably, about the year 1700, was of Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree of A. M.; and was finally vicar of Starting, in Sussex. Besides the Man of Taste, he wrote a political satire entitled the Art of Politics, and the Crooked Sixpence, in imitation of Philips's Splendid Shilling.

THE MAN OF TASTE.

WHOE'ER he be that to a taste aspires,
Let him read this, and be what he desires.
In men and manners vers'd, from life I write,
Not what was once, but what is now polite.
Those who of courtly France have made the tour
Can scarce our English awkwardness endure.

But honest men who never were abroad,
Like England only, and its taste applaud.
Strife still subsists, which yields the better goût
Books or the world, the many or the few.
True taste to me is by this touchstone known.
That's always best that's nearest to my own.
To shew that my pretensions are not vain,
My father was a play'r in Drury-lane.
Pears and pistachio-nuts my mother sold,
He a dramatic poet, she a scold.
His tragic Muse could countesses affright,
His wit in boxes was my lord's delight.
No mercenary priest e'er join'd their hands,
Uncramp'd by wedlock's unpoetic bands.
Laws my Pindaric parents matter'd not,
So I was tragi-comically got.
My infant tears a sort of measure kept,
I squall'd in distichs, and in triplets wept.
No youth did I in education waste,
Happy in an hereditary taste.
Writing ne'er cramp'd the sinews of my thumb,
Nor barbarous birch e'er brush'd my tender bum.
My guts ne'er suffer'd from a college cook,
My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery-book.
Grammar in vain the sons of Priscian teach,
Good parts are better than eight parts of speech:
Since these declin'd, those undeclin'd they call,
I thank my stars that I declin'd them all.
To Greek or Latin tongues without pretence.
I trust to mother wit and father sense.

Nature's my guide, all sciences I scorn,
Pains I abhor; I was a poet born.
Yet is my goût for criticism such,
I've got some French, and know a little Dutch.
Huge commentators grace my learned shelves,
Notes upon books out-do the books themselves.
Critics indeed are valuable men,
But hyper-criticks are as good again.
Though Blackmore's works my soul with rapture fill,
With notes by Bentley they'd be better still.
The Boghouse-Miscellany's well design'd
To ease the body, and improve the mind.
Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,
For he displeases me that pleases all.
Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.
To him as nature, when he ceas'd to see,
Milton's an universal blank to me.
Confirm'd and settled by the nation's voice,
Rhyme is the poet's pride, and people's choice.
Always upheld by national support,
Of market, university, and court:
Thomson, write blank; but know that for that reason
These lines shall live when thine are out of season.
Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,
As London ladies owe their shape to stays.
Had Cibber's self the Careless Husband wrote,
He for the laurel ne'er had had my vote;
But for his epilogues and other plays,
He thoroughly deserves the modern bays.

It pleases me, that Pope unlaurell'd goes,
While Cibber wears the bays for play-house prose:
So Britain's monarch once uncover'd sat,
While Bradshaw bully'd in a broad-brimm'd hat.
   Long live old Curll! he ne'er to publish fears,
The speeches, verses, and last wills of peers.
How oft has he a public spirit shown,
And pleas'd our ears, regardless of his own?
But to give merit due, though Curll's the fame,
Are not his brother booksellers the same?
Can statutes keep the British press in awe,
While that sells best that's most against the law?
   Lives of dead play'rs my leisure hours beguile,
And sessions-papers tragedize my style.
'Tis charming reading in Ophelia's life,
So oft a mother, and not once a wife:
She could with just propriety behave,
Alive with peers, with monarchs in her grave:
Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept,
By prebends bury'd, and by generals kept.
   T' improve in morals Mandevil I read,
And Tyndal's scruples are my settled creed.
I travell'd early, and I soon saw through
Religion all, ere I was twenty-two.
Shame, pain, or poverty shall I endure,
When ropes or opium can my ease procure?
When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,
Self-murder is an honourable way.
As Pasaran directs I'd end my life,
And kill myself, my daughter, and my wife.

Burn but that Bible which the parson quotes,
And men of spirit all shall cut their throats.
But not to writings I confine my pen,
I have a taste for buildings, music, men.
Young travell'd coxcombs mighty knowledge boast,
With superficial smattering at most.
Not so my mind, unsatisfied with hints,
Knows more than Budgel writes, or Roberts prints.
I know the town, all houses I have seen,
From High-Park corner down to Bednal-Green.
Sure wretched Wren was taught by bungling Jones,
To murder mortar, and disfigure stones!
Who in Whitehall can symmetry discern?
I reckon Covent-Garden church a barn.
Nor hate I less thy vile cathedral, Paul!
The choir's too big, the cupola's too small:
Substantial walls and heavy roofs I like,
'Tis Vanbrugh's structures that my fancy strike:
Such noble ruins every pile would make,
I wish they'd tumble for the prospect's sake.
To lofty Chelsea, or to Greenwich dome,
Soldiers and sailors all are welcom'd home.
Her poor to palaces Britannia brings,
St. James's hospital may serve for kings.
Buildings so happily I understand,
That for one house I'd mortgage all my land.
Doric, Ionic, shall not there be found,
But it shall cost me threescore thousand pound.
From out my honest workmen I'll select
A bricklay'r, and proclaim him architect;

First bid him build me a stupendous dome,
Which having finish'd, we set out for Rome,
Take a week's view of Venice and the Brent;
Stare round, see nothing, and come home content
I'll have my villa too, a sweet abode,
Its situation shall be London road:
Pots o'er the door I'll place like cit's balconies,
Which Bentley calls the gardens of Adonis.
I'll have my gardens in the fashion too,
For what is beautiful that is not new?
Fair four-legg'd temples, theatres that vie
With all the angles of a Christmas-pie.
Does it not merit the beholder's praise,
What's high to sink, and what is low to raise?
Slopes shall ascend where once a green-house stood
And in my horse-pond I will plant a wood.
Let misers dread the hoarded gold to waste,
Expense and alteration shews a taste.
In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,
And know their several beauties by their price.
Auctions and sales I constantly attend,
But choose my pictures by a skilful friend.
Originals and copies much the same,
The picture's value is the painter's name.
My taste in sculpture from my choice is seen,
I buy no statues that are not obscene.
In spite of Addison and ancient Rome,
Sir Cloudesly Shovel's is my fav'rite tomb.
How oft have I with admiration stood,
To view some city-magistrate in wood!

I gaze with pleasure on a lord-mayor's head,
Cast with propriety in gilded lead.
Oh could I view, through London as I pass,
Some broad Sir Balaam in Corinthian brass:
High on a pedestal, ye freemen, place
His magisterial paunch and griping face;
Letter'd and gilt, let him adorn Cheapside,
And grant the tradesman what a king's deny'd.
Old coins and medals I collect, 'tis true,
Sir Andrew has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.
But among friends, if I the truth might speak,
I like the modern, and despise th' antique.
Though in the drawers of my japan bureau,
To lady Gripeall I the Cæsars show,
'Tis equal to her ladyship or me,
A copper Otho, or a Scotch bawbee.
Without Italian, or without an ear,
To Bononcini's music I adhere;
Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast.
My soul has oft a secret pleasure found
In the harmonious bagpipe's lofty sound.
Bagpipes for men, shrill German-flutes for boys,
I'm English born, and love a grumbling noise.
The stage should yield the solemn organ's note,
And Scripture tremble in the eunuch's throat.
Let Senesino sing what David writ,
And hallelujahs charm the pious pit.
Eager in throngs the town to Esther came,
And oratorio was a lucky name.

Thou, Heidegger! the English taste hast found,
And rul'st the mob of quality with sound.
In Lent, if masquerades displease the town,
Call 'em ridottos, and they still go down.
Go on, prince Phiz! to please the British nation,
Call thy next masquerade a convocation.
Bears, lions, wolves, and elephants I breed,
And Philosophical Transactions read.
Next lodge I'll be Free-mason, nothing less,
Unless I happen to be F. R. S.
I have a palate, and (as yet) two ears,
Fit company for porters or for peers.
Of every useful knowledge I've a share,
But my top talent is a bill of fare.
Sirloins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,
Pleas'd with frogs fricasseed, and coxcomb-pies;
Dishes I chuse, though little, yet genteel,
Snails the first course, and peepers crown the meal.
Pig's heads, with hair on, much my fancy please;
I love young cauliflow'rs if stew'd in cheese,
And give ten guineas for a pint of peas.
No tattling servants to my table come,
My grace is silence, and my waiter dumb.
Queer country-puts extol queen Bess's reign,
And of lost hospitality complain.
Say, thou that dost thy father's table praise,
Was there mahogany in former days?
Oh, could a British barony be sold!
I would bright honour buy with dazzling gold.

Could I the privilege of peer procure,
The rich I'd bully, and oppress the poor.
To give is wrong, but it is wronger still,
On any terms to pay a tradesman's bill.
I'd make the insolent mechanics stay,
And keep my ready money all for play.
I'd try if any pleasure could be found,
In tossing up for twenty thousand pound:
Had I whole counties, I to White's would go,
And set land, woods, and rivers, at a throw.
But should I meet with an unlucky run,
And at a throw be gloriously undone;
My debts of honour I'd discharge the first;
Let all my lawful creditors be curs'd:
My title would preserve me from arrest,
And seizing hired horses is a jest.
  I'd walk the morning with an oaken stick,
With gloves and hat, like my own footman Dick;
A footman I would be in outward show,
In sense and education truly so.
As for my head, it should ambiguous wear
At once a periwig and its own hair.
My hair I'd powder in the women's way,
And dress and talk of dressing more than they.
I'll please the maids of honour if I can;
Without black velvet breeches, what is man?
I will my skill in button-holes display,
And brag how oft I shift me every day.
Shall I wear clothes in awkward England made?
And sweat in cloth to help the woollen trade?

In French embroid'ry and in Flanders lace,
I'll spend the income of a treasurer's place.
Deard's bill for baubles shall to thousands mount,
And I'd out-di'mond even the di'mond count.
I would convince the world by tawdry clothes,
That belles are less effeminate than beaux,
And doctor Lamb should pare my lordship's toes.
To boon companions I my time would give,
With players, pimps, and parasites, I'd live.
I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine,
And to rough-riders give my choicest wine;
I would caress some stableman of note,
And imitate his language and his coat.
My ev'nings all I would with sharpers spend,
And make the thief-catcher my bosom friend.
In Fig the prize-fighter by day delight,
And sup with Colley Cibber every night.
Should I perchance be fashionably ill,
I'd send for Misaubin, and take his pill.
I should abhor, though in the utmost need,
Arbuthnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead,
But if I found that I grew worse and worse,
I'd turn off Misaubin, and take a nurse.
How oft when eminent physicians fail,
Do good old women's remedies prevail!
When beauty's gone, and Chloe's struck with years,
Eyes she can couch, or she can syringe ears.
Of graduates I dislike the learned rout,
And choose a female doctor for the gout.

Thus would I live, with no dull pedants curs'd;
Sure, of all blockheads, scholars are the worst.
Back to your universities, ye fools,
And dangle arguments on strings in schools:
Those schools which universities they call,
'Twere well for England were there none at all.
With ease that loss the nation might sustain,
Supply'd by Goodman's-fields and Drury-lane.
Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing,
Compar'd to Haymarket and Covent-garden:
Quit those, ye British youth, and follow these,
Turn players all, and take your 'squire's degrees.
Boast not your incomes now, as heretofore,
Ye book-learn'd seats! the theatres have more:
Ye stiff-rump'd heads of colleges, be dumb;
A single eunuch gets a larger sum.
Have some of you three hundred by the year?
Booth, Rich, and Cibber, twice three thousand clear.
Should Oxford to her sister Cambridge join
A year's rack-rent and arbitrary fine,
Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd,
For play-house, opera, ball, and masquerade.
Glad I congratulate the judging age,
The players are the world, the world the stage.
I am a politician too, and hate,
Of any party, ministers of state:
I'm for an act, that he, who sev'n whole years
Has serv'd his king and country, lose his ears.
Thus from my birth I'm qualified, you find,
To give the laws of taste to human kind.

Mine are the gallant schemes of politesse,
For books and buildings, politics and dress.
This is true taste, and whoso likes it not,
Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot.

WILLIAM MESTON.

BORN 1688.—DIED 1745.

William Meston was born in the parish of Midmar, in Aberdeenshire. He received a liberal education at the Marischal College of Aberdeen, and was for some time one of the teachers in the High School of that city. He removed from that situation to be preceptor to the young Earl of Marshal, and to his brother, who was afterwards the celebrated Marshal Keith, and by the interest of the family was appointed professor of philosophy in the Marischal College. On the breaking out of the rebellion of 1715, he followed the fortunes of his misguided patrons, who made him governor of Dunotter Castle. After the battle of Sherrif-Muir, till the act of indemnity was passed, he lurked with a few fugitive associates, for whose amusement he wrote several of the burlesque poems to which he gave the title of Mother Grim's Tales. Not being restored to his professorship, he lived for some time on the hospitality of the Countess of Marshal, and after her death established an academy successively at Elgin, Turiff, Montrose, and Perth, in all of which

places he failed, apparently from habits of careless expense and conviviality. The Countess of Elgin supported him during the decline of his latter days, till he removed to Aberdeen, where he died of a languishing distemper. He is said to have been a man of wit and pleasantry in conversation, and of considerable attainments in classical and mathematical knowledge.

THE COBBLER.

AN IRISH TALE.

From Mother Grim's Tales.

SAGES and moralists can show
Many misfortunes here below;
A truth which no one ever miss'd,
Though neither sage nor moralist.
Yet all the troubles notwithstanding,
Which fate or fortune has a hand in,
Fools to themselves will more create,
In spite of fortune and of fate.
Thus oft are dreaming wretches seen,
Tortur'd with vapours and with spleen,
Transform'd, at least in their own eyes,
To China, glass, or mutton pies;
Others will to themselves appear
Stone dead as Will the Conqueror.
* * * * * * *

There liv'd a gentleman, possess'd
Of all that mortals reckon best;

A seat well chosen, wholesome air,
With gardens and with prospect fair;
His land from debt and jointure free,
His money never in South Sea;
His health of body firm and good,
Though past the hey-day of his blood;
His consort fair, and good, and kind,
His children rising to his mind;
His friends ingenuous and sincere,
His honour, nay, his conscience, clear:
He wanted nought of human bliss
But power to taste his happiness.
Too near, alas! this great man's hall,
A merry Cobbler had a stall;
An arch old wag as e'er you knew,
With breeches red and jerkin blue;
Cheerful at working as at play,
He sung and whistled life away.
When rising morning glads the sky,
Clear as the merry lark on high;
When evening shades the landscape veil,
Late warbling as the nightingale.
Though pence came slow, and trade was ill,
Yet still he sung, and whistled still;
Though patch'd his garb, and coarse his fare
He laugh'd and cast away old care.
The rich man view'd with discontent
His tatter'd neighbour's merriment;
With envy grudg'd, and pin'd to see
A beggar pleasanter than he:

And by degrees to hate began
Th' intolerable happy man,
Who haunted him like any sprite,
From morn to eve, by day and night.

It chanc'd as once in bed he lay,
When dreams are true, at break of day,
He heard the Cobbler at his sport,
And on a sudden to cut short.
Whether his morning draught he took,
Or warming whiff of morning smoke,
The squire suspected, being shrewd,
This silence boded him no good;
And 'cause he nothing saw or heard,
A Machiavelian plot he fear'd.
Straight circumstances crowded plain,
To vex and plague his jealous brain;
Trembling, in panic dread he lies,
With gaping mouth and staring eyes;
And straining, lustful, both his ears,
He soon persuades himself he hears
One skip and caper up the stairs;
Sees the door open quick, and knew
His dreaded foe in red and blue;
Who, with a running jump, he thought,
Leapt plumb directly down his throat,
Laden with tackle of his stall,
Last, ends and hammer, strap and awl.
No sooner down, than, with a jerk,
He fell to music and to work.

If much he griev'd our Don before,
When but o' th' outside of the door,
How sorely must he now molest,
When got the inside of his breast?
The waking dreamer groans and swells,
And pangs imaginary feels:
Catches and scraps of tunes he hears
For ever ringing in his ears;
Ill savour'd smells his nose displease,
Mundungus strong, and rotten cheese:
He feels him when he draws his breath,
Or tugs the leather with his teeth,
Or beats the sole, or else extends
His arm to th' utmost of his ends,
Enough to crack, when stretch'd so wide,
The ribs of any mortal side.
Is there no method then, to fly
This vile intestine enemy?
What can be done in this condition,
But sending instant for physician?
The doctor, having heard the case,
Burst into laughter in his face,
Told him he need no more than rise,
Open his windows and his eyes,
Whistling and stitching, there to see
The Cobbler as he used to be.
"Sir," quoth the patient, "your pretences
Shall ne'er persuade me from my senses.
How should I rise? the heavy brute
Will hardly let me wag a foot.

Though seeing for belief may go,
Yet feeling is the truth, you know.
I feel him in my sides, I tell ye;
Had you a Cobbler in your belly,
You scarce could stir as now you do;
I doubt your guts would grumble too.
Still do you laugh? I tell you, Sir,
I'd kick you soundly, could I stir.
Thou quack, that never hadst degree
In either University;
Thou mere licentiate without knowledge,
The shame and scandal of the college;
I'll call my servants if you stay;
So, doctor, scamper while you may!"

One thus dispatch'd, a second came,
Of equal or of greater fame,
Who swore him mad as a March hare;
For doctors, when provok'd, will swear.
To drive such whimsies from his pate,
He dragg'd him to the window straight,
But jilting Fortune can devise
To baffle and outwit the wise.
The Cobbler, ere exposed to view,
Had just pull'd off his jerkin blue,
Not dreaming 'twould his neighbour hurt,
To sit in fresco in his shirt.
"O," quoth the patient, with a sigh,
"You know him not so well as I.
The man that down my throat is run,
Has got a true blue jerkin on."

In vain the doctor rav'd and tore,
Argued and fretted, stamp'd and swore;
Told him he might believe as well,
The giant of Pantagruel
Did oft, to break his fast and sup,
For potch'd eggs swallow windmills up;
Or that the Holland dame could bear
A child for every day o' th' year.
The vapour'd dotard, grave and sly,
Mistook for truth each rapping lie,
And drew conclusions such as these,
Resistless, from the premises.
" I hope, my friends, you'll grant me all,
A windmill's bigger than a stall:
And since the lady brought, alive,
Children three hundred sixty-five,
Why should you think there is not room
For one poor Cobbler in my womb?"
Thus, every thing his friends could say,
The more confirm'd him in his way;
Further convinc'd by what they tell,
'Twas certain, though impossible.

Now worse and worse his piteous state
Was grown, and almost desperate;
Yet still the utmost bent to try,
Without more help he would not die.
An old physician, sly and shrewd,
With management of face endued,
Heard all his tale, and ask'd, with care,
How long the Cobbler had been there;

Noted distinctly what he said,
Lift up his eyes and shook his head;
And, grave, accosts him in this fashion,
After mature deliberation,
With serious and important face:
"Sir, yours is an uncommon case:
Though I've read Galen's Latin o'er,
I never met with it before;
Nor have I found the like disease
In stories of Hippocrates."
Then, after a convenient stay,
"Sir, if prescription you'll obey,
My life for yours, I'll set you free
From this same two-legg'd tympany.
* * * Your throat, you know, is wide,
And scarcely clos'd since it was tried.
The same way he got in, 'tis plain,
There's room to fetch him back again.
I'll bring the forked worm away
Without a dysenteria.
Emetics strong will do the feat,
If taken *quantum sufficit*.
I'll see myself the proper dose,
And go hypnotics to compose."

The wretch, though languishing and weak,
Reviv'd already by the Greek,
Cries, "what so learn'd a man as you
Prescribes, dear doctor, I shall do."

The vomit speedily was got,
The Cobbler sent for to the spot,

And taught to manage the deceit,
And not his doublet to forget.
But first, the operator wise
Over his eyes a bandage ties,
For vomits always strain the eyes.
"Courage! I'll make you disembogue,
Spite of his teeth, th' unlucky rogue;
I'll drench the rascal, never fear,
And bring him up, or drown him there."
Warm water down he makes him pour,
Till his stretch'd guts could hold no more·
Which, doubly swoln, as you may think,
Both with the Cobbler and the drink;
What they receiv'd against the grain,
Soon paid with interest back again.
"Here come his tools: he can't be long,
Without his hammer and his thong."
The Cobbler humour'd what was spoke,
And gravely carried on the joke;
As he heard nam'd each single matter,
He chuck'd it souse into the water;
And then, not to be seen as yet,
Behind the door made his retreat.
The sick man now takes breath awhile,
Strength to recruit for farther toil:
Unblinded, he, with joyful eyes,
The tackle floating there espies;
Fully convinc'd within his mind,
The Cobbler would not stay behind,
Who to the alehouse still would go,
Whene'er he wanted work to do;

Nor could he like his present place,
He ne'er lov'd water in his days.
At length he takes a second bout,
Enough to turn him inside out:
With vehemence so sore he strains,
As would have split another's brains.
" Ah! here the Cobbler comes, I swear!"
And truth it was, for he was there;
And, like a rude ill-manner'd clown,
Kick'd, with his foot, the vomit down.
The patient, now grown wond'rous light,
Whipt off the napkin from his sight;
Briskly lift up his head, and knew
The breeches and the jerkin's hue;
And smil'd to hear him grumbling say,
As down the stairs he ran away,
He'd ne'er set foot within his door,
And jump down open throats no more:
No, while he liv'd, he'd ne'er again
Run, like a fox, down the red lane.
Our patient thus (his inmate gone)
Cured of the crotchets in his crown,
Joyful, his gratitude expresses,
With thousand thanks and hundred pieces;
And thus, with much of pains and cost,
Regain'd the health—he never lost.

THOMAS WARTON.

BORN 1687.—DIED 1745.

Thomas Warton, the elder, father of Joseph and Thomas Warton, was of Magdalen College, Oxford, vicar of Basingstoke and Cobham, and twice chosen Poetry Professor.

RETIREMENT.

AN ODE.

On beds of daisies idly laid,
The willow waving o'er my head,
Now morning, on the bending stem,
Hangs the round and glittering gem,
Lull'd by the lapse of yonder spring,
Of nature's various charms I sing:
Ambition, pride, and pomp, adieu,
For what has joy to do with you?

Joy, rose-lipt dryad, loves to dwell
In sunny field or mossy cell;
Delights on echoing hills to hear
The reaper's song, or lowing steer;
Or view, with tenfold plenty spread,
The crowded corn-field, blooming mead,

While beauty, health, and innocence,
Transport the eye, the soul, the sense.

Not fresco'd roofs, not beds of state,
Not guards that round a monarch wait;
Not crowds of flatterers can scare,
From loftiest courts, intruding Care.
Midst odours, splendors, banquets, wine,
While minstrels sound, while tapers shine,
In sable stole sad Care will come,
And darken the sad drawing-room.

Nymphs of the groves, in green array'd,
Conduct me to your thickest shade;
Deep in the bosom of the vale,
Where haunts the lonesome nightingale;
Where Contemplation, maid divine,
Leans against some aged pine,
Wrapt in solemn thought profound,
Her eyes fixt stedfast on the ground.

Oh, virtue's nurse, retired queen,
By saints alone and hermits seen,
Beyond vain mortal wishes wise,
Teach me St. James's to despise;
For what are crowded courts, but schools
For fops, or hospitals for fools;
Where slaves and madmen, young and old,
Meet to adore some calf of gold?

VERSES WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WINDSOR CASTLE.

From beauteous Windsor's high and story'd halls,
Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing walls,
To my low cot, from ivory beds of state,
Pleas'd I return, unenvious of the great.
So the bee ranges o'er the vary'd scenes
Of corn, of heaths, of fallows, and of greens,
Pervades the thicket, soars above the hill,
Or murmurs to the meadow's murmuring rill;
Now haunts old hollow'd oaks, deserted cells,
Now seeks the low vale-lily's silver bells;
Sips the warm fragrance of the greenhouse bowers,
And tastes the myrtle and the citron flowers;
At length returning to the wonted comb,
Prefers to all his little straw-built home.

AN AMERICAN LOVE ODE.

FROM THE SECOND VOLUME OF MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS

Stay, stay, thou lovely, fearful snake,
Nor hide thee in yon darksome brake:
But let me oft thy charms review,
Thy glittering scales, and golden hue;
From these a chaplet shall be wove,
To grace the youth I dearest love.

Then ages hence, when thou no more
Shalt creep along the sunny shore,

Thy copy'd beauties shall be seen;
Thy red and azure mix'd with green,
In mimic folds thou shalt display:—
Stay, lovely, fearful adder, stay.

THOMAS SOUTHERN

Was born in Dublin, in the year 1660, and died in 1746.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF ISABELLA.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Isabella meeting with Biron after her marriage with Villeroy.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam, the gentleman's below.

Isabella. I had forgot; pray let me speak with him.
[*Exit Nurse.*

This ring was the first present of my love
To Biron, my first husband; I must blush
To think I have a second. Biron died
(Still to my loss) at Candy; there's my hope.
Oh, do I live to hope that he died there?
It must be so: he's dead, and this ring left
By his last breath to some known faithful friend,
To bring me back again:
[Biron *introduced—Nurse retires.*
That's all I have to trust to—

My fears were woman's—I have viewed him all:
And let me, let me say it to myself,
I live again, and rise but from his tomb.

Biron. Have you forgot me quite?

Isa. Forgot you!

Bir. Then farewell my disguise, and my misfortunes!
My Isabella!

[*He goes to her; she shrieks, and falls in a swoon.*]

Isa. Ha!

Bir. Oh come again!
Thy Biron summons thee to life and love;
Once I had charms to wake thee:
Thy once-loved, ever-loving husband calls—
Thy Biron speaks to thee.

Isa. My husband! Biron!

Bir. Excess of love and joy, for my return,
Has overpowered her. I was to blame
To take thy sex's softness unprepar'd:
But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,
This ecstacy has made my welcome more
Than words could say: words may be counterfeit,
False-coined, and current only from the tongue,
Without the mind; but passion's in the soul,
And always speaks the heart.

Isa. Where have I been? Why do you keep him from me?
I know his voice: my life upon the wing,
Here's the soft lure that brings me back again,
'Tis he himself, my Biron, the dear man!

My true-loved husband! Do I hold you fast,
Never to part again? Can I believe it?
Nothing but you could work so great a change:
There's more than life itself in dying here;
If I must fall, death's welcome in these arms.
Bir. Live ever in these arms!
Isa. But pardon me—
Excuse the wild disorder of my soul:
The joy, the strange surprising joy of seeing you,
Of seeing you again, distracted me——
Bir. Thou everlasting goodness!
Isa. Answer me:
What hand of Providence has brought you back
To your own home again? O, satisfy
The impatience of my heart! I long to know
The story of your sufferings. You would think
Your pleasures sufferings, so long removed
From Isabella's love. But tell me all,
For every thought confounds me.
Bir. My best life! at leisure, all.
Isa. We thought you dead; killed at the siege of Candy—
Bir. There I fell among the dead;
But hopes of life reviving from my wounds,
I was preserved but to be made a slave:
I often writ to my hard father, but never had
An answer; I writ to thee too——
Isa. What a world of woe
Had been prevented, but in hearing from you!
Bir. Alas! thou couldst not help me!

Isa. You do not know how much I could have done;
At least, I'm sure I could have suffered all:
I would have sold myself to slavery,
Without redemption; given up my child,
The dearest part of me, to basest wants——
Bir. My little boy!
Isa. My life, but to have heard
You were alive—which now, too late, I find. [*Aside.*
Bir. No more, my love. Complaining of the past,
We lose the present joy. 'Tis over price
Of all my pains, that thus we meet again—
I have a thousand things to say to thee—
Isa. Would I were past the hearing! [*Aside.*
Bir. How does my child, my boy, my father too?
I hear he's living still.
Isa. Well both, both well;
And may he prove a father to your hopes,
Though we have found him none!
Bir. Come, no more tears.
Isa. Seven long years of sorrow for your loss,
Have mourned with me——
Bir. And all my days behind
Shall be employed in a kind recompense
For thy afflictions.—Can't I see my boy?
Isa. He's gone to bed: I'll have him brought to you.
Bir. To-morrow I shall see him: I want rest
Myself, after this weary pilgrimage.

Isa. Alas! what shall I get for you?

Bir. Nothing but rest, my love! To-night I would not
Be known, if possible, to your family:
I see my nurse is with you; her welcome
Would be tedious at this time;
To-morrow will do better.

Isa. I'll dispose of her, and order every thing
As you would have it. [*Exit.*

Bir. Grant me but life, good Heaven, and give the means
To make this wondrous goodness some amends,
And let me then forget her, if I can!
O! she deserves of me much more than I
Can lose for her, though I again could venture
A father, and his fortune, for her love!
You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all!
Not to perceive that such a woman's worth
Weighs down the portions you provide your sons:
What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold,
Compared to this, my heart-felt happiness?
[*Bursts into tears.*
What has she, in my absence, undergone?
I must not think of that; it drives me back
Upon myself, the fatal cause of all.

ISABELLA *returns.*

Isa. I have obeyed your pleasure;
Every thing is ready for you.

Bir. I can want nothing here; possessing thee,

All my desires are carried to their aim
Of happiness; there's no room for a wish,
But to continue still this blessing to me:
I know the way, my love; I shall sleep sound.

Isa. Shall I attend you?

Bir. By no means;
I've been so long a slave to others' pride,
To learn, at least, to wait upon myself;
You'll make haste after—— [*Goes in.*

Isa. I'll but say my prayers, and follow you—
My prayers! no, I must never pray again.
Prayers have their blessings to reward our hopes,
But I have nothing left to hope for more.
What Heaven could give, I have enjoyed; but now
The baneful planet rises on my fate,
And what's to come is a long line of woe.
Yet I may shorten it——
I promised him to follow—him!
Is he without a name? Biron, my husband,
To follow him to bed——my husband! ha!
What then is Villeroy? But yesterday
That very bed received him for its lord,
Yet a warm witness of my broken vows.
Oh, Biron, hadst thou come but one day sooner
I would have followed thee through beggary,
Through all the chances of this weary life,
Wandered the many ways of wretchedness
With thee, to find a hospitable grave;
For that's the only bed that's left me now!
[*Weeping*

——What's to be done?—for something must be done.
Two husbands! yet not one! By both enjoyed,
And yet a wife to neither! Hold, my brain——
This is to live in common! Very beasts,
That welcome all they meet, make just such wives.
My reputation! Oh, 'twas all was left me!
The virtuous pride of an uncensured life;
Which the dividing tongues of Biron's wrongs,
And Villeroy's resentments, tear asunder,
To gorge the throats of the blaspheming rabble.
This is the best of what can come to-morrow,
Besides old Baldwin's triumph in my ruin:
I cannot bear it——
Therefore no morrow: Ha! a lucky thought
Works the right way to rid me of them all;
All the reproaches, infamies, and scorns,
That every tongue and finger will find for me.
Let the just horror of my apprehensions
But keep me warm—no matter what can come
'Tis but a blow—yet I will see him first—
Have a last look to heighten my despair,
And then to rest for ever.—

BIRON *meets her.*

Bir. Despair and rest for ever! Isabella!
These words are far from thy condition,
And be they ever so! I heard thy voice,
And could not bear thy absence: come, my love

You have staid long; there's nothing, nothing sure
Now to despair of in succeeding fate.
Isa. I am contented to be miserable,
But not this way: I have been too long abused,
And can believe no more.
Let me sleep on to be deceived no more.
Bir. Look up, my love! I never did deceive thee,
Nor never can; believe thyself, thy eyes,
That first inflamed, and lit me to my love;
Those stars, that still must guide me to my joys—
Isa. And me to my undoing: I look round,
And find no path, but leading to the grave.
Bir. I cannot understand thee.
Isa. My good friends above,
I thank them, have at last found out a way
To make my fortune perfect; having you,
I need no more; my fate is finished here
Bir. Both our ill fates, I hope.
Isa. Hope is a lying, fawning flatterer,
That shews the fair side only of our fortunes,
To cheat us easier into our fall;
A trusted friend, who only can betray you;
Never believe him more. If marriages
Are made in Heaven, they should be happier
Why was I made this wretch?
Bir. Has marriage made thee wretched?
Isa. Miserable, beyond the reach of comfort.
Bir. Do I live to hear thee say so?
Isa. Why, what did I say?

Bir. That I have made thee miserable.
Isa. No: you are my only earthly happiness:
And my false tongue belied my honest heart,
If it said otherwise.
Bir. And yet you said,
Your marriage made you miserable.
Isa. I know not what I said:
I have said too much, unless I could speak all.
Bir. Thy words are wild; my eyes, my ears, my heart,
Were all so full of thee, so much employed
In wonder of thy charms, I could not find it:
Now I perceive it plain——
Isa. You will tell nobody—— [*Distractedly.*
Bir. Thou art not well.
Isa. Indeed I am not; I knew that before;
But where's the remedy?
Bir. Rest will relieve thy cares: come, come, no more;
I'll banish sorrow from thee.
Isa. Banish first the cause.
Bir. Heaven knows how willingly!
Isa. You are the only cause.
Bir. Am I the cause? the cause of thy misfortunes?
Isa. The fatal innocent cause of all my woes.
Bir. Is this my welcome home! this the reward
Of all my miseries, long labours, pains,
And pining wants of wretched slavery,

Which I have outlived, only in hopes of thee!
Am I thus paid at last for deathless love,
And called the cause of thy misfortunes now?
Isa. Inquire no more; 'twill be explained too soon. [*She is going off.*
Bir. What! canst thou leave me too?
[*He stays her.*
Isa. Pray let me go:
For both our sakes, permit me.
Bir. Rack me not with imaginations
Of things impossible——Thou canst not mean
What thou hast said——Yet something she must mean —
'Twas madness all——Compose thyself, my love!
The fit is past; all may be well again:
Let us to bed.
Isa. To bed! You have raised the storm
Will sever us for ever. Oh, Biron!
While I have life, still I must call you mine:
I know I am, and always was, unworthy
To be the happy partner of your love;
And now must never, never share it more.
But oh! if ever I was dear to you,
As sometimes you have thought me, on my knees,
(The last time I shall care to be believed)
I beg you, beg to think me innocent,
Clear of all crimes, that thus can banish me
From this world's comforts, in my losing you.
Bir. Where will this end?
Isa. The rugged hand of fate has got between

Our meeting hearts, and thrusts them from their joys.
Since we must part——

Bir. Nothing shall ever part us.

Isa. Parting's the least that is set down for me:
Heaven has decreed, and we must suffer all.

Bir. I know thee innocent: I know myself so:
Indeed we both have been unfortunate;
But sure misfortunes ne'er were faults in love.

Isa. Oh! there's a fatal story to be told;
Be deaf to that, as heaven has been to me!
And rot the tongue that shall reveal my shame:
When thou shalt hear how much thou hast been wronged,
How wilt thou curse thy fond believing heart,
Tear me from the warm bosom of thy love,
And throw me like a poisonous weed away!
Can I bear that? Bear to be curst and torn,
And thrown out of thy family and name,
Like a disease? Can I bear this from thee?
I never can: no, all things have their end.
When I am dead, forgive and pity me. [*Exit.*

Bir. Stay, my Isabella——
What can she mean? These doubtings will distract me:
Some hidden mischief soon will burst to light;
I cannot bear it——I must be satisfied——
'Tis she, my wife, must clear this darkness to me.
She shall—if the sad tale at last must come,
She is my fate, and best can speak my doom.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Enter* BIRON. *Nurse following him.*

Bir. I know enough: the important question
Of life or death, fearful to be resolved,
Is cleared to me: I see where it must end,
And need inquire no more——Pray, let me have
Pen, ink, and paper. I must write awhile,
And then I'll try to rest——to rest for ever!
[*Exit Nurse.*
Poor Isabella! now I know the cause,
The cause of thy distress, and cannot wonder
That it has turned thy brain. If I look back
Upon thy loss, it will distract me too.
Oh, any curse but this might be removed!
But 'twas the rancorous malignity
Of all ill-stars combined, of heaven and fate—
Hold, hold, my impious tongue—Alas! I rave.
Why do I tax the stars, or heaven, or fate?
They are all innocent of driving us
Into despair; they have not urged my doom;
My father and my brother are my fates
That drive me to my ruin. They knew well
I was alive. Too well they knew how dear
My Isabella—Oh, my wife no more!
How dear her love was to me—Yet they stood,
With a malicious silent joy, stood by,
And saw her give up all my happiness,
The treasure of her beauty, to another;

Stood by, and saw her married to another.
Oh, cruel father! and unnatural brother!
Shall I not tell you that you have undone me?
I have but to accuse you of my wrongs,
And then to fall forgotten—Sleep or death
Sits heavy on me, and benumbs my pains:
Either is welcome; but the hand of death
Works always sure, and best can close my eyes.
[*Exit* BIRON.

* * * * * * * *

SCENE II.—*Draws, shews* BIRON *asleep on a couch*

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Asleep so soon! Oh, happy, happy thou,
Who thus can sleep! I never shall sleep more—
If then to sleep be to be happy, he,
Who sleeps the longest, is the happiest:
Death is the longest sleep—Oh, have a care!
Mischief will thrive apace.—Never wake more.
[*To* BIRON.
If thou didst ever love thy Isabella,
To-morrow must be doomsday to thy peace.
The sight of him disarms even death itself.
The starting transport of new quickening life
Gives just such hopes: and pleasure grows again
With looking on him—Let me look my last—
But is a look enough for parting love!
Sure I may take a kiss—Where am I going!

Help, help me, Villeroy! Mountains and seas
Divide your love, never to meet my shame!
[*Throws herself upon the floor; after a short pause she raises herself upon her elbow.*
What will this battle of the brain do with me!
This little ball, this ravaged province, long
Cannot maintain——The globe of earth wants room
And food for such a war—I find I am going—
Famine, plagues, and flames,
Wide waste and desolation, do your work
Upon the world, and then devour yourselves!
The scene shifts fast—[*She rises*]—and now 'tis better with me;
Conflicting passions have at last unhinged
The great machine! the soul itself seems changed!
Oh, 'tis a happy revolution here!
The reasoning faculties are all deposed,
Judgment, and understanding, common-sense,
Driven out as traitors to the public peace.
Now I am revenged upon my memory!
Her seat dug up, where all the images
Of a long mis-spent life were rising still,
To glare a sad reflection of my crimes,
And stab a conscience through them! You are safe,
You monitors of mischief! What a change!
Better and better still! This is the infant state
Of innocence, before the birth of care.
My thoughts are smooth as the Elysian plains,
Without a rub: the drowsy falling streams

Invite me to their slumbers.
Would I were landed there——

[*Sinks into a chair.*

What noise was that? A knocking at the gate!
It may be Villeroy——No matter who.

Bir. Come, Isabella, come.——

Isa. Hark! I am called!

Bir. You stay too long from me.

Isa. A man's voice! in my bed! How came he there?

Nothing but villany in this bad world! [*Rises.*
Coveting neighbours' goods, or neighbours' wives:
Here's physic for your fever.

[*Draws a dagger, and goes backward to the couch.*]

Breathing a vein is the old remedy.
If husbands go to heaven,
Where do they go that send them?—This to try——

[*Just going to stab him, he rises; she knows him, and shrieks.*]

What do I see!

Bir. Isabella, armed!

Isa. Against my husband's life!
Who, but the wretch, most reprobate to grace,
Despair e'er harden'd for damnation,
Could think of such a deed—Murder my husband!

Bir. Thou didst not think it.

Isa. Madness has brought me to the gates of hell,
And there has left me. Oh, the frightful change
Of my distractions! Or is this interval
Of reason but to aggravate my woes,

To drive the horror back with greater force
Upon my soul, and fix me mad for ever?
Bir. Why dost thou fly me so?
Isa. I cannot bear his sight; Distraction, come,
Possess me all, and take me to thyself!
Shake off thy chains, and hasten to my aid;
Thou art my only cure——Like other friends,
He will not come to my necessities;
Then I must go to find the tyrant out—
Which is the nearest way? [*Running out*
Bir. Poor Isabella! she's not in a condition
To give me any comfort, if she could:
Lost to herself——as quickly I shall be
To all the world——Horrors come fast around me,
My mind is overcast—the gathering clouds
Darken the prospect—I approach the brink,
And soon must leap the precipice! Oh, heaven!
While yet my senses are my own, thus kneeling,
Let me implore thy mercies on my wife:
Release her from her pangs; and if my reason,
O'erwhelmed with miseries, sink before the tempest,
Pardon those crimes despair may bring upon me!
[*Rises.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Sir, there is somebody at the door must needs speak with you; he will not tell his name.
Bir. I come to him. [*Exit Nurse.*
'Tis Belford I suppose; he little knows
Of what has happened here; I wanted him,
Must employ his friendship, and then—— [*Exit*

SONG.

IN SIR ANTHONY LOVE, OR THE RAMBLING LADY

PURSUING Beauty, men descry
  The distant shore, and long to prove
Still richer in variety
  The treasures of the land of love.

We women, like weak Indians, stand
  Inviting from our golden coast
The wand'ring rovers to our land;
  But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
  Stealing unseen into the heart;
But by possession settled in,
  They quickly play another part.

For beads and baubles we resign,
  In ignorance, our shining store;
Discover nature's richest mine,
  And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try
  How he can court, or you be won
For love is but discovery;
  When that is made the pleasure's done.

ROBERT BLAIR.

BORN 1699.—DIED 1747.

ROBERT BLAIR was minister of the parish of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian. His son, who died not many years ago, was a very high legal character in Scotland. The eighteenth century has produced few specimens of blank verse of so powerful and simple a character as that of the Grave. It is a popular poem, not merely because it is religious, but because its language and imagery are free, natural, and picturesque. The latest editor of the poets has, with singularly bad taste, noted some of this author's most nervous and expressive phrases as vulgarisms, among which he reckons that of friendship " the solder of society." Blair may be a homely and even a gloomy poet in the eye of fastidious criticism; but there is a masculine and pronounced character even in his gloom and homeliness that keeps it most distinctly apart from either dulness or vulgarity. His style pleases us like the powerful expression of a countenance without regular beauty.

FROM "THE GRAVE."

Whilst some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.——Thy succours I implore,
Eternal king! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.——The Grave—dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.——Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.——The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
(Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime)
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant; that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)

Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fane;—the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy ailes
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
'scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.——Rous'd from their
slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of Night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coeval near with that) all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd
here:
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs:
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about,

And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)
Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine chequering through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown),
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new open'd grave; and (strange to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

* * * * * * * * *

Invidious grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one?
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweetner of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,

Anxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongu'd thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress.——Oh! then, the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

* * * * * * * *

Beauty—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,
The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
The high fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd.——For this, was all thy caution?

For this, thy painful labours at thy glass?
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder,
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair one weeps!—the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honest effusion! the swoll'n heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

* * * * * * * * *

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul,
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part,
Fond couple; link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its almighty source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

* * * * * * * * *

Tell us, ye dead, will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out;
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death:—'Twas kindly done

To knock, and give the alarm.—But what means
This stinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves.—Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice?—I'll ask no more:
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves. Well, 'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.
Death's shafts fly thick:—Here falls the village-swain,
And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round:
And who so artful as to put it by!
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors.——Scarce a skull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life.——Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er yonker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand

More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds
not
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

* * * * * * * *

Poor man!—how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleas'd,
Smil'd on his last fair work.—Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts.—Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache: nor was there cause they should;
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings-up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom.—Summer seas
Show not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern
winds
Just ready to expire—scarce importun'd,
The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed! thrice blessed days!—But ah! how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
Oh! slipp'ry state of things.—What sudden turns!
What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
Of man's sad history!——To-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.

How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our sire :—Not long h' enjoy'd
His paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again.——And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man?——Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate.——But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom.——A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round.
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace!—How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the evening-tide of life,
A life well-spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
High in his faith and hopes), look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:

Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest.—Then, oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done! and now he's happy!—The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain:——The time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate:—and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzl'd, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
And each shall have his own.—Hence, ye profane!
Ask not, how this can be?—Sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were.—Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days: And what he can, he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust
(Not unattentive to the call) shall wake:
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,

With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state.——Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush with all th' impatience of a man
That's new come home, and, having long been absent,
With haste runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
  Thus, at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

JAMES THOMSON.

BORN 1700.—DIED 1748.

It is singular that a subject of such beautiful unity, divisibility, and progressive interest as the description of the year should not have been appropriated by any poet before Thomson.[1] Mr. Twining, the translator of Aristotle's Poetics, attributes the absence of poetry devoted to pure rural and picturesque description among the ancients, to the absence or imperfection of the art of landscape painting. The Greeks, he observes, had no Thomsons because they had no Claudes. Undoubtedly they were not blind to the beauties of natural scenery; but their descriptions of rural objects are almost always what may be called sensual descriptions, exhibiting circumstances of corporeal delight, such as breezes to fan the body, springs to cool the feet, grass to repose the limbs, or fruits to regale the taste and smell, rather than objects of contemplative pleasure to the eye and

[1] Even Thomson's extension of his subject to the whole year seems to have been an after-thought, as he began with the last of the seasons. It is said that he conceived the first design of his subject from a poem on Winter, by a Mr. Rickleton. Vide the Censura Literaria, vol. ii. where there is an amusing extract from the first and second edition of Thomson's Winter. I have seen an English poem, intitled the Seasons, which was published earlier (I think) than those of Thomson; but it is so insignificant that it may be doubted if Thomson ever heard of it.

imagination. From the time of Augustus, when, according to Pliny, landscape painting was first cultivated, picturesque images and descriptions of prospects seem to have become more common. But on the whole there is much more studied and detailed description in modern than in ancient poetry. There is besides in Thomson a pure theism, and a spirit of philanthropy, which, though not unknown to classic antiquity, was not familiar to its popular breast. The religion of the ancients was beautiful in fiction, but not in sentiment. It had revealed the most voluptuous and terrific agencies to poetry, but had not taught her to contemplate nature as one great image of Divine benignity, or her creatures as the objects of comprehensive human sympathy. Before popular poetry could assume this character, Christianity, philosophy, and freedom, must have civilized the human mind.

Habits of early admiration teach us all to look back upon this poet as the favourite companion of our solitary walks, and as the author who has first or chiefly reflected back to our minds a heightened and refined sensation of the delight which rural scenery affords us. The judgment of cooler years may somewhat abate our estimation of him, though it will still leave us the essential features of his poetical character to abide the test of reflection. The unvaried pomp of his diction suggests a most unfavourable comparison with the manly and idiomatic simplicity of Cowper, at the

same time the pervading spirit and feeling of his poetry is in general more bland and delightful than that of his great rival in rural description. Thomson seems to contemplate the creation with an eye of unqualified pleasure and ecstasy, and to love its inhabitants with a lofty and hallowed feeling of religious happiness; Cowper has also his philanthropy, but it is dashed with religious terrors, and with themes of satire, regret, and reprehension. Cowper's image of nature is more curiously distinct and familiar. Thomson carries our associations through a wider circuit of speculation and sympathy. His touches cannot be more faithful than Cowper's, but they are more soft and select, and less disturbed by the intrusion of homely objects. Cowper was certainly much indebted to him, and though he elevates his style with more reserve and judgment than his predecessor, yet in his highest moments he seems to retain an imitative remembrance of him. It is almost stale to remark the beauties of a poem so universally felt, the truth and genial interest with which he carries us through the life of the year; the harmony of succession which he gives to the casual phenomena of nature; his pleasing transition from native to foreign scenery; and the soul of exalted and unfeigned benevolence which accompanies his prospects of the creation. It is but equal justice to say, that amidst the feeling and fancy of the Seasons, we meet with interruptions of declamation, heavy narrative, and unhappy digres-

sion—with a parhelion eloquence that throws a counterfeit glow of expression on common-place ideas—as when he treats us to the solemnly ridiculous bathing of Musidora; or draws from the classics instead of nature; or, after invoking Inspiration from her hermit-seat, makes his dedicatory bow to a patronizing countess, or speaker of the House of Commons. As long as he dwells in the pure contemplation of nature, and appeals to the universal poetry of the human breast, his redundant style comes to us as something verial and adventitious—it is the flowing vesture of the druid; and perhaps to the general experience is rather imposing: but when he returns to the familiar narrations or courtesies of life, the same diction ceases to seem the mantle of inspiration, and only strikes us by its unwieldy difference from the common costumé of expression. Between the period of his composing the Seasons and the Castle of Indolence, he wrote several works, which seem hardly to accord with the improvement and maturity of his taste exhibited in the latter production To the Castle of Indolence he brought not only the full nature, but the perfect art of a poet. The materials of that exquisite poem are derived originally from Tasso; but he was more immediately indebted for them to the Fairy Queen: and in meeting with the paternal spirit of Spenser he seems as if he were admitted more intimately to the home of inspiration. There he redeemed the jejune ambition of his style, and retained all its

wealth and luxury without the accompaniment of ostentation. Every stanza of that charming allegory, at least of the whole of the first part of it, gives out a group of images from which the mind is reluctant to part, and a flow of harmony which the ear wishes to hear repeated.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO I.

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half im-
brown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled every-where their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer-sky
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by:
For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring
hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses
sung:

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay:
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintery tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

"Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats! that from the flowering thorn,
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove
They neither plough, nor sow: ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

"Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
For when hard-hearted Interest first began
To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;
Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

"Come, ye, who still the cumberous load of life
Push hard up hill; but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty
sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
For-ever vain: come, and, withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!

"With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
To pass the joyless day in various stounds:
Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds:
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

"No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
From village on to village sounding clear:
To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
No hammers thump, no horrid blacksmith fear,
Ne noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start,
With sounds that are a misery to hear:
But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

"Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,
Goodnatur'd lounging, sauntering up and down.
They who are pleas'd themselves must always
please;
On others' ways they never squint a frown,
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
With milky blood the heart is overflown,
Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense;
For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd hence.

"What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above the passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still more
gay.

"The best of men have ever lov'd repose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows
Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
Ev'n those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stol'n away:
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

" But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brook, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude: the whilst, amus'd, you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's
sigh,
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

" O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

He ceas'd. But still their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching song;
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng,
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along,
In silent ease: as when beneath the beam
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream:

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty first began:
Though some there were who would not further
pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han.
The wise distrust the too fair spoken man.
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For do their very best they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight;
And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
They found themselves within the cursed gate;
Full hard to be repass'd, like that of fate.
Not stronger were of old the giant crew,
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state;
Though, feeble wretch, he seem'd of sallow hue
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.

For whomso'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace;
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their vanish'd force remains no trace:
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breath'd repose;
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Through which his half-wak'd soul would faintly peep
Then taking his black staff he call'd his man,
And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this same limber page to all performed it.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he those that enter'd in, array'd
Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns
O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fair,
Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew:
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew.
It was a fountain of nepenthe rare:
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasaunce grew,
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
Withouten tromp was proclamation made.
"Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will;
And wander where you list, through hall or glade!
Be no man's pleasure for another staid;
Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
Here dwells kind ease and unreproving joy:
He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
But every man stroll'd off his own glad way,
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude and perfect silence reign'd:
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-isles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied, to our senses plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro;
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound!
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
And all the widely-silent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
I who have spent my nights and nightly days
In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering?
Ah! how shall I for this uprear my molted wing?

Come on, my Muse, nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of ancient bards thou yet shall sweep the lyre;
Thou yet shall tread in tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down through every worthless age.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch'd around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Ev'n undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and
peace impart.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Blest sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes th' astonish'd eyes,
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound too here, to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease,
Aerial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
They breath'd, in tender musings, through the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart.
Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store.
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore.
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threatening seem'd to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fierce with clouds the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land:
She has no colours that like you can glow:
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian heaven upon her nights,
And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd delights.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
Ev'n feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence
to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, awhile, O! lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

Or are you sportive—Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasure vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

"Of vanity the mirror" this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
At his dull desk, amid his leigers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.
"A penny saved is a penny got;"
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer-air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them share:
His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the pen,
As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore?
To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame, when useless worldly store.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all:
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew;
See how they dash along from wall to wall!
At every door, hark, how they thundering call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
Th' important shoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
No sooner Lucifer recals affairs,
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
When, lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife:
Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gypsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea, many a man perdie I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd, not dark,
As soon this man could sing as morning-lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound;
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk:
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak,
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone;
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank heaven! the
day is done."

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,
Our castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chaunc'd into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane, though keen,
Turning the night to day, and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

But not ev'n pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates then sinks the soul as low:
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary shore:
Taught by this son of joy we found it so;
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd castle all, th' abode of sleep no more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:
And oft he sips their bowl; or, nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
Serene, yet warm; humane, yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,
To him the sacred love of nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad;
When as we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent

"Come, dwell with us! true son of virtue, come!
But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade,
To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
There to indulge the Muse, and nature mark:
We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park."

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus of the age;
But call'd by Fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
Ev'n from his slumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
And now, with well-urg'd sense, th' enlighten'd judgment takes.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:
The world forsaking with a calm disdain
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage; his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks great plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
And on their brow sat ev'ry nation's cares.
The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
When in the hall of smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort;
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labour was to kill the time:
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow.
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours and hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

Now must I mark the villany we found,
But ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown;
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan;
For of these wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where sickness toss'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep opprest,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway:
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the
breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy:
Unwieldy man; with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply:
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd
a wit.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spittles know,
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
And still new leeches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro;
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the tertian shakes his chilling wings;
The sleepless gout here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
Whilst apoplexy cramm'd intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

ISAAC WATTS.

BORN 1674.—DIED 1748.

DR. WATTS's devotional poetry was for the most part intentionally lowered to the understanding of children. If this was a sacrifice of taste, it was at least made to the best of intentions. The sense and sincerity of his prose writings, the excellent method in which he attempted to connect the study of ancient logic with common sense, and the conciliatory manner in which he allures the youthful mind to habits of study and reflection, are probably remembered with gratitude by nine men out of ten, who have had proper books put into their hands at an early period of their education. Of this description was not poor old Percival Stockdale, who in one of his lucubrations gives our author the appellation of "*Mother Watts*." The nickname would not be worth mentioning if it did not suggest a compassionate reflection on the difference between the useful life and labours of Dr. Watts, and the utterly useless and wasted existence of Percival Stockdale. It might have been happy for the frail intellects of that unfortunate man, if they had been braced and rectified in his youth by such works as Watts's Logic and Improvement of the Mind. The study of them might possibly have saved even him from a life of vanity, vexation, and oblivion.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

Say, mighty Love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into thy chains,
As custom leads the way:
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy:
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,

Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are married just like Stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heavenly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
For Love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

BORN 1671.—DIED 1749.

Ambrose Philips, the pastoral rival of Pope, was educated at Cambridge, and distinguished for many years in London as a member of clubs witty and political, and as a writer for the Whigs[1]. By the influence of that party he was put into the commission of the peace soon after the accession of George I. and in 1717 was appointed one of the commissioners of the lottery. When his friend Dr. Boulter was appointed primate of Ireland, he accompanied the prelate, received considerable preferments, and was elected member for Armagh in the Irish Commons. He returned to England in the year 1748, and died in the following year, at his lodgings near Vauxhall. The best of his dramatic writings is the Distressed Mother, a translation of Racine's Andromache. His two other tragedies, the Briton and Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, are not much better than his pastorals.

[1] The Freethinker, in which A. Philips wrote, began its career on Monday, March 24, 1718, was published twice a week, and terminated with the 159th paper, Monday, September 28, 1719. Dr. Drake speaks in praise of its easy and perspicuous diction, and thinks a very interesting selection might be made from it — *Essay on Periodical Papers.*

TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

COPENHAGEN, MARCH 9, 1709.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmov'd, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,

At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass,
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends:
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintery charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees:
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads.

While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

AN HYMN TO VENUS.

FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO

O VENUS, Beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gayly false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,
O, goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O, gentle goddess! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confess'd.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew,
Hovering in air they lightly flew;

As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,
And by what care to be assuag'd?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
Though now thy offerings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief:
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

Bless'd as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport toss'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd: the subtle flame
Ran quickly through my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

LEONARD WELSTED.

BORN 1703.—DIED 1749.

Leonard Welsted, a victim of Pope's satire, whose verses did not always deserve it.

FROM HIS SUMMUM BONUM.

Smile, my Hephestion, smile, no more be seen
This dupe to anger, and this slave to spleen;
No more with pain ambition's trappings view,
Nor envy the false greatness, nor the true.
Let dull St. Bevil dream o'er felon's fates,
Bright Winnington in senates lead debates,
Vain Bulbo let the sheriff's robe adorn,
And Holles[1] wake to bless the times unborn.
* * * * * * * *

The palm excels that trembles o'er the brooks,
The bastard rose nor half so gaudy looks,
The myrrh is worth that scents Arabia's sky,
An hundred gourds, yet rises not so high.
This not disturbs you, nor your bliss alloys,
Then why should fortune's sports and human toys?
What is't to us if Clod the self-same day
Trolls in the gilded car and drives the dray?
If Richvil for a Roman patriot pass,
And half the Livery vote for Isinglass.

[1] Welsted's great patron, the Duke of Newcastle.

With grateful mind let's use the given hour,
And what's our own enjoy and in our power.
To his great chiefs the conqueror Pyrrhus spoke,
Two moons shall wane, and Greece shall own our
yoke.
'Tis well, replied the friend; admit it so,
What next? Why next to Italy I'll go,
And Rome in ashes lay.—What after that?
Waste India's realms.—What then? Then sit and
chat;
Then quaff the grape, and mirthful stories tell.
Sir, you may do so now, and full as well.

Look through but common life, look o'er mankind,
A thousand humbler madmen there you'll find,
A thousand heroes of Epirus view;
Then scorn to beat this hackney'd path anew.
In search of fancied good forget to roam,
Nor wander from your safer, better home.

* * * * * * * *

See Heartgood, how he tugs for empty praise,
He's got the vine, yet scrambles for the bays.
A friendly neighbour born, his vain desire
Prompts him to get a little cubit higher;
When all unvex'd, untroubled, he might live,
And all that nature ask'd his farm would give.

Colville and Madge one field, one cow possess'd,
Had dwelt unanxious many years and blest;
A quiet conscience and their neighbour's praise
They held—it was in Friar Bacon's days.

No thief alarm'd the lowly cottage roof,
And pride and base contention kept aloof.
At length the rumour all about was flown
The monk had found the philosophic stone.
Quoth Colville, be't—in comfort, peace we live,
For his arcanum not a hair I'll give;
To me all wealth contentment does impart,
I have this chemic secret in my heart.

Let Munich bow the haughty Othman crest,
Among my humble teams I'll be as blest;
Let the Great Schach o'er trembling Ganges ride,
I'll boast more conquests by my chimney side.
What post you stand in, trust me, my Hephestion,
The part you bear in life is not the question;
But how you act it, how your station grace,
There is the matter; that's the point in case.
All one if peer or pedlar you sustain,
A laurell'd victor be or shepherd swain;
For social weal alike each state was made,
And every calling meant the other's aid,
Together all in mystic numbers roll,
All in their order act, and serve the whole,
Who guard the laws, or bid the orchat bloom,
Who wield the sceptre, and who guide the loom.
* * * * * * * *

An easy and contented mind is all,
On whom and where it will let glory fall;
Let us the soul in even balance bear,
Content with what we have and what we are.
* * * * * * * *

On rapt'rous visions long had Berkley fed,
The lemon groves were ever in his head;
He hangs on Waller[1], and the landscape aids,
Sees in Bermuda blooming Ida's shades.

'Tis said—'tis done—the project quick prevails;
He gets the promis'd freight—he weds—he sails.
The storms loud rattle, but on storms he smiles,
They will but waft me to Bermuda's isles.
At length the port he gains, when all his dreams
He vanish'd views, and owns the airy schemes:
The orange branch had lost its fragrant load,
The cedar wav'd not, nor the citron blow'd;
In Eden's stead he sees a desart stand,
For figs and vines a poor unpeopled land;
For balmy breezes, and for cloudless skies,
He hears around the whistling tempest rise.
And is this all? said the good Dean of Down,
Is this the end, my hope and labour's crown?
Too blest the swain o'er Ormond's flowery dales
Who roves at ease, or sleeps in Derry's vales.
Henceforth I'll gratulate my native shore,
In search of bright delusions range no more,
Content to be, to cure this rambling itch,
An humble bishop, and but barely rich.

[1] Waller's poem on the Summer Islands.

AMHURST SELDEN.

Of the history of this author I am sorry that I can give no account. His poem of Love and Folly was published in 1749. It seemed to me to be somewhat better than that which is generally condemned to oblivion. If the extracts should appear to be tedious, the only apology I can offer is, the difficulty of making short specimens of a story at all intelligible.

LOVE AND FOLLY.

ARRAIGNMENT AND TRIAL OF CUPID.

The Gods, in senate to debate,
And settle high affairs of state,
Where vast Olympus' summits rise,
Descended from the azure skies:
As their great sire and lord rever'd,
Their cloud-compelling Jove appear'd;
Calm in his lap the thunders lay,
The symbols of imperial sway,
While Heaven's high powers sat round his throne,
And deck'd it like a splendid zone:
There Juno and the Paphian Queen,
The Graces in their train, were seen;

Amidst her father's radiant race,
The chaste Diana took her place;
Without his helmet, sword, or car,
There frown'd the haughty God of War;
There joyous smil'd the God of Wine,
With numbers more of birth divine;
Metis, who prudent councils guides,
And o'er the letter'd world presides;
Themis, who Heaven's dread laws attends,
And Truth's deserted cause defends;
Sage Vesta, through the earth renown'd,
And Cybele with turrets crown'd;
Neptune, the Ocean's awful lord;
Pluto, by Hell's dark realms ador'd;
Pan, to whose altars shepherds bow;
Ceres, inventress of the plough;
And last sat down old gay Silenus,
With Vulcan, spouse and slave to Venus.

Grand was the pomp, for thither all
Attended on the Thunderer's call;
The heavens themselves were in a blaze;
Phœbus was there, bedeck'd with rays,
Yet scarcely, though he look'd so bright,
Was seen 'midst such a flood of light,
Where each with beams celestial shone,
Beyond the splendour of the sun;
Together by great Jove conven'd,
To hear the God of Love arraign'd.

Solemn the session, high the cause,
For Love had broke through all their laws,
And made the deities obey,
As vassals, his tyrannic sway;
Enslav'd, they dragg'd his galling chain,
And mourn'd his power, but mourn'd in vain.
Kindling his flames in every breast,
He never gave th' immortals rest,
But, fond their weakness to expose,
Involv'd them in a thousand woes,
While Jove's despis'd omnipotence
Against his arts found no defence.

This haughty treatment had o'erthrown
Their empire, though it rais'd his own;
For, with his all-subduing bow,
He sunk their power and fame so low,
And, ever since his fatal birth,
Rul'd so supreme o'er heaven and earth,
That mortals now to Cupid paid
The chief oblations which they made,
And, slighting every name above,
Ador'd no other God but Love.

Besides, to men of worth and sense
His shameless conduct gave offence:
He drank, he wench'd, he gam'd, he swore,
His life with crimes was blotted o'er;
He scorn'd good Hymen's sacred ties,
And made a trade of vows and lies:

Fair Virtue's praise, and honor'd fame,
He laugh'd at as an empty name;
By which example all the nations
Lay quite expos'd to great temptations,
And, doating on their lewd amours,
Had turn'd Religion out of doors.
* * * * * * *

Silence proclaim'd, th' assessors wait,
Anxious for Love's impending fate,
When Themis, watching Dian's eyes,
Straight to th' etherial court applies,
And, like intrepid Yorke[1], demands
Impartial justice at their hands;
That no mean bias warp their hearts
To Cupid's treacherous charms and arts,
While they, by long establish'd laws,
Decide the great approaching cause;
That on their votes depended all
Which they could dear or sacred call;
In heav'n their peace, on earth their fame,
Their endless glory or their shame;
That e'en their temples, priests, and power,
Hung on this one decisive hour.
* * * * * * *

Therefore, in right and truth's support,
She humbly mov'd a rule of court,
That Hermes might his pris'ner bring
Before his peers and Heav'n's high King,

[1] The Lord High Chancellor

To hear, by their decree, his crimes
Condemn'd to late succeeding times,
And heav'n and earth at once set free
From such a traitor's tyranny.

High Jove, who on th' imperial throne,
Sceptr'd and thron'd, was plac'd alone,
Looks awful round th' assenting gods,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and nods.

Straight, Hermes, at his sire's command,
His wreath'd caduceus in his hand,
From his close ward the caitiff brings,
With hands unbound, but pinion'd wings:
While at his back his bow unstrung,
Tied to his feather'd quiver hung.
By Dian's order Momus bore
The mace, and solemn stalk'd before;
When Hermes, with obeisance low,
Shew'd to the Gods their daring foe:
But such a foe, so wond'rous fair,
Each grace of Venus in his air,
* * * * * * *

So bloom'd his ever youthful years,
So moving were his silent tears,
That half heaven's powers with all their zeal
Some tender pangs began to feel,
Lest such a God, indulging all
Their pleasures, should unpity'd fall,

And turning things from bad to worse,
Make immortality a curse.

Venus, who saw them much amaz'd,
While piteous on his form they gaz'd,
Straight pray'd the court with humble pray'r,
Her son might be allow'd a chair,
Who was infirm, and scarce had slept
One hour since Jove——She paus'd and wept;
The God seem'd mov'd, and though he guess'd
Her foes the motion would contest,
Glad their mean malice to prevent,
Nods from the throne his kind assent;
As jurors, whom the world believes
Great rogues, oft sit on petty thieves,
He knew some led, amidst the sky,
Worse lives than him they were to try;
And, loth poor Love to treat too ill,
Grants him a seat against their will.

Thus loll'd at ease the little thief,
When Dian rose, and from her brief
Shew'd, with just truth and cogent reason,
Why she impeach'd him there of treason.
* * * * * * * *

Before you comes arraign'd
A wretch that has our shrines profan'd,
That basely labours to o'erthrow
Our bliss above, our power below.
* * * * * * *

Shall Heav'n alone
Calm see this wretch its Gods disown,
And bear the scorn with which he treats
The rulers of these sacred seats?
Apollo's bow, and Neptune's trident,
He tramples on, and takes a pride in't;
Ev'n Mars, who leads the radiant files
Of war, is vanquish'd by his wiles;
From Bacchus he his thyrsis wrests,
And of his bolts high Jove divests;
From Hermes charms the magic rod,
And strips of all his wings the God;
Pluto to him, and Proserpine,
Were forc'd their empire to resign,
And, humbled, found infernal fires
Less violent than Love's desires:
These crimes are vouch'd by flagrant facts,
And treason by an hundred acts.
* * * * * * *
These are his deeds above; on earth
What mischiefs owe to him their birth!
There, while his frantic slaves he tames,
His rage the suffering world inflames;
He shoots around his fatal darts,
To rack and torture all their hearts;
The base deceiver there eludes
The vestal vows, the prayers of prudes;
E'en those weak souls he deigns to bless,
He strives with anguish to distress;

He triumphs o'er the racking pain
In which his vassals drag his chain;
Fear, joy, grief, hope, desire, despair,
By turns their wretched bosoms tear.
* * * * * * *
Frequent divides the dearest friends,
And breaks all laws to gain his ends:
Rapes, murders, treasons, he commits,
False, true, kind, cruel, all by fits:
Various and changing as the wind,
He parts whom Hymen's rites had join'd;
And whispers in the husband's ears
A thousand cruel doubts and fears,
For strife and mischief are his joy.
Such, Venus, is your lovely boy;
Who, though he boasts that Jove's high blood
Rolls in his veins its sacred flood,
Yet has his mother's milk o'erflown
The tide, and made the mass her own.
* * * * * * *
Quick let the wretch his sins atone,
And Jove at last resume his throne!
Doom, doom him 'midst the shades below,
To shoot his darts and bend his bow;
There let him labour to destroy
The little peace the damn'd enjoy.

She ceas'd: while half the powers around
Assented first with sighs profound,

Then with her generous ardour mov'd,
A loud applause her zeal approv'd.
* * * * * * *
Straight, Cupid, rising from his place,
Smil'd placid with enchanting grace;
Silent he paus'd, and to the skies,
Though blushing, rais'd his beauteous eyes,
Then sigh'd, and round the radiant crowd,
Saluting, with respect he bow'd:
One coward tear was stealing down,
But quick he check'd it with a frown;
And while with matchless charms he shone,
Thus to the court his plea begun.

" 'Tis said that Love, whene'er he pleads,
With easy eloquence succeeds:
But that, ye powers, I'll never try,
Nor on vain rhetoric rely;
'Tis by the force of truth I come
To strike my false accusers dumb.
* * * * * * *
To dear integrity I trust,
As I am guiltless, you are just;
While that I make my sole defence,
I laugh at envy's impotence.
* * * * * * *
Let those (and those, I hope, are few),
Let those who ne'er his treasures knew,
Brand with all crimes unhappy Love,
He's better known to you and Jove.

And if I've made the Gods employ
Some days in that transcendent joy,
I trust my greatest fault will be,
Their bliss was not prolong'd by me.
Whilst absence, fate, or time, control
That noblest passion of the soul,
Let each Celestial here declare
If aught like Love deserves their care.
* * * * * * *
What joys can match fond lovers' pains,
What freedom 's equal to their chains;
What transports swell their hopes and fears,
What softness, sweetness, in their tears!
Such tenderness, when fond they mourn,
Such ecstacy when hopes return;
Such longing for th' enchanting bliss,
Such raptures in a smile or kiss,
Are secrets which the Gods conceal,
And none but lovers know or feel.

If joys like these you treason call,
I own I have produc'd them all:
Contriv'd and plann'd by me alone,
The great foundation of my throne;
And hard, great Deities, it were,
If mortal men such bliss should share,
And yet th' eternal choir above
Be quite deny'd the sweets of Love.
* * * * * * *
In heav'n, on earth, above, below,
Whate'er is pleasing I bestow.

* * * * * * *

Old Time and all the laughing hours,
Watch o'er my gifts and nurse my powers;
Mirth, Joy, and all th' inspired throng
Of Muses, tune for me their song;
And if they fan my fires, I bring
Sweetness and force to all they sing.

* * * * * * *

Men's talents raised by me improve,
For wisdom springs and grows with Love;
By me adorn'd, the human mind
Is soften'd, polish'd, and refin'd.

* * * * * * *

I melt and mould mankind with ease,
To gentle manners form'd to please;
A love of honour, truth, and fame,
Are kindled by my generous flame;
Sublim'd by me, the soul pursues
Exalted thoughts and noble views.
Life lies as in a lethargy,
Till, rous'd and rais'd, it turns to me:
Till Love enliv'ning thoughts inspires,
Has neither business nor desires,
Or such as only torment give,
Men when they love begin to live.

Life's a dull blank, and useless quite,
As dials in the gloom of night,
Till Love's gay sun its splendour pours,
And marks and gilds the brighten'd hours.

* * * * * * * *

These gifts, ye powers, from you I hold,
By your decree assign'd of old:
'Tis your behests I strive to do,
Then why must I for mercy sue,
At this high court impeach'd, and brought
To answer for each lover's fault?
* * * * * * *
If maids to men inconstant prove,
And scorn the sacred laws of Love,
Charge not their broken vows to me,
But their own horrid perfidy.
* * * * * * *
Must I be doom'd, if human kind
In love disclose an impious mind?
With oaths, and death, and falsehood play,
Whilst perjur'd vows the heart betray.
If Heav'n's despis'd—if all their aim
Be wealth or lust—am I to blame?
No, mighty powers! you know too well,
In spite of heav'n, in spite of hell,
Of slighted love and reason too,
And all that pitying Love can do,
Men, to indulge their passions prone,
Owe to themselves their crimes alone.

Yet, cruel Gods, if you decree
To spare mankind and punish me;
If I must be their victim made,
I am not for myself afraid,
But for the woes my wretched fate
Will soon in either world create:

While heaven and earth my fall o'erturns,
And nature my destruction mourns.
For what can stand, if Love contemn'd
To shades infernal be condemn'd?
Yet since your gloomy frowns declare
My only refuge is despair,
Not thus to leave you all in woe,
Take this last boon before I go,
Take it, and feeling Love's sweet pain,
Ere you condemn me think again."
He spoke, and secret cast his darts,
Snatch'd from his quiver, at their hearts.
* * * * * * *
Upsprung the Gods, with wounds distress'd;
Jove had a dozen in his breast.
* * * * * * *
Mars lost an eye, and Bacchus two;
Hermes, the God of Eloquence,
Had his tongue sliced, and ever since
All oratory has declin'd
To noise, phrase, figures, words, and wind.
* * * * * * *
Never in heav'n was such a scene.
* * * * * * *
While all with troubled hearts debate,
How the dear rebel they should treat.
* * * * * * *
Their rage soft pity straight controls,
And wav'ring thoughts distract their souls.
This Venus guess'd, and soon begun
To hope she might retrieve her son.

While tears roll'd down her crimson'd cheeks,
And her swell'd heart with anguish breaks.
* * * * * * *

"Oh hear, and spare my beauteous son,
Or Venus—nay, the world's undone.
Alas! I would not, cannot hide
His weakness, rashness, spleen, or pride.
I see the faults I can't defend,
Which oft I've fondly strove to mend;
And had restor'd his fame and bliss
Long since, but that he keeps a Miss,
On whom, poor boy, he doats to rage,
So much her charms his soul engage.
* * * * * * *

This nymph, on whom I said he doats,
He lov'd when in his petticoats;
She's call'd Moria, though you know
Folly's her fav'rite name below:
The creature's handsome, and, indeed,
Has beauties which all praise exceed;
And yet this nymph, possess'd of charms
To tempt a Phœbus to her arms,
Is still so giddy, wild, and weak,
Half ideot, half coquet and rake;
Is such a rattle, such a romp,
So fond of cards, tea-tattle, pomp,
Of feasts, balls, visits, drums, and park,
And little frolics in the dark,
That as with willing dotage sway'd,
Love's rul'd by this deluding maid;

'Tis plain by her, and her alone,
The glory of my son's o'erthrown.
She sets him on a world of freaks,
She makes him herd with cheats and rakes;
She brings him into brawls and scrapes,
And mischief in a thousand shapes;
And what's the most perplexing thought,
Keeps him from settling as he ought.
Till he was led by her, my boy
Gave me and every being joy.
* * * * * * *
Now fool'd by her, he acts a part
That shocks all heav'n, and breaks my heart.
* * * * * * * *
The cause thus shewn of his ill carriage,
Next comes the cure—in short, 'tis marriage.
There is a Goddess sitting there,
That might reclaim him by her care;
And, with her pardon, I must name
Sage Metis, that transcendent dame,
Whose aid the Gods sometimes implore,
And men by Wisdom's name adore."

Up blush'd good Metis to the eyes,
But shew'd more pleasure than surprise:
Joy, mix'd with wonder, secret stole
Warm to her heart, and fill'd her soul;
Some virgin fears about her hung,
While modest shame tied up her tongue,
Yet silent all her thoughts were seen,
And glad went on the Paphian Queen.

* * * * * * *

"This sweet adviser, thus assign'd,
Will make him wise, and form his mind.
* * * * * * *
Send, send them with me home; my car
Will hold us all, and 'tis not far:
And happy may their nuptials be
To Gods and men, to them and me."
She ceas'd * * * * *
* * The relenting senate vow'd
Her proffer'd terms should be allow'd,
As the best method to reform
Her son, and calm the present storm;
So pitying much her hapless state,
Pass'd her petition on debate,
While Love and Wisdom gave their hands,
And vow'd to join in Hymen's bands.
* * * * * * *

CANTO II.

Preparations in Cyprus for the marriage of Cupid and Metis his froward conduct, and relapse into the dominion of Folly

* * * * * * *

This Cyprus found: where all the swains
Rejoic'd around her fertile plains,
Metis and Love to meet, who came
To join true wisdom with his flame:
Young girls, old maidens, widows, wives,
Were ne'er more jocund in their lives,

Finding the God no more distress'd,
And with so sage a tut'ress bless'd,
Would lead a married life unblam'd.
* * * * * * *
Making the subject world perceive,
What blessings Love and Prudence give.

Large were the preparations made,
For Venus understood her trade.
To make her palace wond'rous fine,
And crown their nuptials and design ;
Sage Metis, like a girl of sense,
Would fain have sav'd the vast expense ,
But Venus, who affected shew,
Scorn'd management as vile and low.
* * * * * * *
" And as for money, I can seize,
From my rich temples, what I please ;
There, my gold statues I'll purloin,
And turn them all to ready coin."
So said, so done : from Cnidos four
She took, from Cyprus many more ;
Expending such a mint of gold
As scarce all Lombard-street could hold :
And as for each new fashion'd thing
Her mind was ever on the wing,
Her wit and money she employs,
Like high-bred dames, to purchase toys
For pomp her passion to display,
Fond she postpon'd the wedding-day ;

Crowds of artificers were brought,
And night and day incessant wrought;
Mahogany laid all her floors,
Gold locks and hinges deck'd her doors;
With Indian skreens and China jars,
Her house was graced, like Heav'n with stars.
* * * * * * *
Although she never read or pray'd,
She form'd a study for parade;
And a fine chapel, near her stairs,
Was plac'd for nothing else but airs.
Round the vast dome a corridore
By the best hands was painted o'er;
Through all th' apartments Parian stone
In columns and in friezes shone;
In splendid utensils profuse,
Chas'd vessels serv'd for common use:
As taste and luxury never plann'd
Saloons so fine, or rooms so grand,
So all from top to bottom seen,
Look'd great, and like the Paphian Queen.

But * * * * * *
* * 'midst this state hid sorrows, sprung
From Cupid's pranks, o'er Metis hung;
For though she saw all things agreed,
The house set out, and lawyers feed
For drawing up the deeds of dower,
For hastening Hymen's happy hour,
She knew not what to think on't still,
The God behav'd himself so ill.

* * * * * * *

Besides, as through the smallest hole
Men spy the day-light, so his soul,
In every little habitude,
With penetrating eye she view'd,
And saw appearances at least,
Which all her anxious doubts increas'd
Oft when the lover's part he play'd,
His looks a soul unmov'd betray'd;
For, when he courted her, the wretch
Would yawn, and sigh, and gape, and stretch,
And what the Goddess scarce could bear,
Would call her wise, but never fair.
In temper giddy as a child,
He fawn'd and quarrell'd, frown'd and smil'd
This day all ice, the next he burns,
Like agues, hot and cold by turns.
Now dress'd like country squires and plain,
He'd ride about in dirt and rain;
And as a proof of unfeign'd loving,
Put on the husband and the sloven:
Then, all those boorish whims abhorr'd
He'd go as fine as any lord:
Grown fond of Metis to excess,
Would prove his passion by his dress,
And proud to shew his love and clothes,
Swear over all his vows and oaths;
Then tir'd of that, he'd quite forsake
The Goddess, and affect the rake;
And fond of girls, and wine, and play,
Would scarce speak to her twice a day

So fickle, that no weather-glass
Could through more variations pass.
*   *   *   *   *   *   *

In short, his conduct was so bad,
That grave good people thought him mad.
And mad he was as any hare
In March, while griev'd he sought his fair;
For whom the wretch was all this while
Scouring by night the Cyprian isle,
Where, of the Goddesses afraid,
He heard they hid his charming maid[1].

Venus, poor soul, now storm'd, now wept,
To get him in some order kept,
And took the truant oft aside,
And urg'd how much he shock'd his bride.
*   *   *   *   *   *   *

Then she would mingle bitter taunts
About his uncles and his aunts,
And beg he would not thus disgrace
Himself and his celestial race,
But lead a life like one that knew
What was to them and Metis due.

Thus things went on: poor Venus rail'd,
He promis'd to grow good—and fail'd.
And when she told him of his Miss,
He laugh'd and stopt her with a kiss:
He own'd he lik'd the nymph, but swore
He lik'd as well a thousand more;

[1] Moria.

Yet hoped when marry'd he should fix,
And lay aside his rambling tricks.
Thus with false prattle he amus'd
The Goddess, and her faith abus'd.
*   *   *   *   *   *   *
For Love, like many a senseless elf,
Thought his best counsellor himself.

But all this while a secret fear
Was buzzing Metis in the ear,
What ways or measures she should take:
She lov'd the God, but loth'd the rake.
For though his person pleas'd the eye,
His actions gave his looks the lie:
When like a friend she blam'd his pranks,
She found she got but little thanks;
For spite of all her wise discourse,
The little wretch shew'd no remorse;
Would vow her ignorance and zeal
Struck fire, when join'd, like flint and steel.
*   *   *   *   *   *   *
Frequent he'd answer all she said
With, "pray, no chiding till we're wed;
Or, prythee do not think me rude,
To tell you plainly you're a prude:
Directing me looks something odd—
If you're a Goddess, I'm a God."

The truth is, Metis, though so wise,
Was much addicted to advise;

No pedant more inclin'd to teach,
No deacon better pleas'd to preach.
* * * * * * *
This talk of Metis and his mother
Went in at one ear, out at t'other.
* * * * * * *
Yet though his heart, where'er he went,
Was on his bright Moria bent,
He seldom fail'd his court to pay
To prudent Metis, day by day.
* * * * * * *
At length the happy morn appears
To crown the long revolving years,
Assign'd to join their plighted hands
For ever in the nuptial bands;
And sums immense were thrown away
To grace the triumph of the day.
* * * * * * *
Their silk, their lace, their modes of dress,
We leave for courtly dames to guess;
In robes how Venus gorgeous shone,
And all bedizen'd out her son;
How his grave bride with gems look'd bright,
As stars adorn a frosty night,
The song omits—for it would tire
Bright Cowley's wit, great Shakespeare's fire
* * * * * * * *
Grac'd with bright rays which shone afar,
Seated with Venus in her car,
The heavenly pair, while clarions sound,
With blessings hail'd, with glory crown'd.

* * * * * * *

In state approach the temple's gates
Where half the Cyprian nation waits,
Till the high priest their hands should tie
In bands which time and death defy.

The gates unfold, they enter in,
And soon the hallow'd rites begin;
With hallow'd fires the altars blaze,
The priest the bellowing victim slays,
The hymn to Juno while he spoke,
The nuptial cake in form was broke:
But oh, amazing! as their hands
Were joining in the nuptial bands,
As Love prepar'd to give the ring,
And the high priest began to sing,
Forth sprung Moria from the crowd,
And, bold, forbade the banns aloud:
" The God is mine, is mine," she cries
" Both by divine and human ties.
* * * * * * *
By solemn oaths our hearts are knit,
Two hearts that best each other fit.
Speak, Cupid, art thou mine alone?
Speak, and thy fond Moria own:
This infant which I go with claims,
You'll vouch it sprung from heavenly flames

Instant, enchanted with her face,
Rush'd Cupid to her lov'd embrace,

Ravish'd to meet her, and amaz'd,
Upon her witching charms he gaz'd,
And cry'd, "Bright nymph, I'm wholly thine,
And you, and only you, are mine."
The pontiff stared and dropt his book.
* * * * * * *
Dismay'd stood Venus—to the skies
She held her hands and rais'd her eyes;
Sunk Wisdom to the earth forlorn,
Her soul with struggling passions torn;
And pierc'd with grief, and stung with pride,
The false perfidious God she ey'd;
Then fainting with disdain away,
Clos'd her griev'd eyes and loth'd the day.
Meanwhile, neglectful of their woes,
Love with triumphant Folly goes,
Drawn by his mother's cooing doves,
To sunny Caria's citron groves.
* * * * * * *
Ravish'd that Metis could not curb
Their dotage, or their peace disturb.
* * * * * * *
Meantime poor Metis kept her bed,
Much troubled with an aching head;
And as she never was a toast,
Look'd pale and meagre as a ghost:
Though strong, too weak to ward the blow,
Though sage, too fond to slight the woe:
Love proud, like death, to level all,
The wise like fools before him fall.
* * * * * * *

Venus, who still sat near her, press'd
Her head upon her snowy breast;
She kiss'd away the tears she shed,
With her own hands she dress'd her bed;
She brought her cordials, made her tea
Of the best hyson or bohea;
To drive away each fretful thought,
She told what news the papers brought;
Whate'er in heav'n or earth was done,
She told, but never nam'd her son.
Ambrosia was her daily fare,
With nectar'd drams to doze despair;
She manag'd her with great address,
Made her play cards, backgammon, chess
She got her out, and every morn
Around the skies would take a turn,
To try, while in their car they flew,
What air and exercise might do.
Whene'er her pain relax'd, she vow'd
No cure was like a brilliant crowd;
So, in the eve of each good day,
Coax'd her abroad to see the play.
Thus, like fine belles, she idly sought,
By vain delights to banish thought.
* * * * * * *

Her head she dress'd, her hair she curl'd,
And made her visit half the world.
* * * * * * *

In short, she was in perfect pain
The fair to comfort—but in vain.
* * * * * * *

Venus dispatches a messenger to remonstrate with Cupid, and to bring him back to Wisdom.

Swift through the air Irene pass'd,
And finds deluded Love at last,
Gazing on Folly's beauteous face,
Feasting his eyes on every grace,
And thunders in his ears a peal
Of bold plain truths, with honest zeal:
Tells him the dreadful news she brings,
And the plain consequence of things;
Shew'd all his mother's letters to him,
And vow'd Moria would undo him;
Said twice as much as Venus bid her,
And begg'd of Cupid to consider,
How his vile pranks and broken vows,
Would Jove's insulted vengeance rouse;
Then adding threats, vow'd o'er and o'er,
The Gods would be deceiv'd no more:
In short, she made his conduct look
So black, like aspen leaves he shook.

* * * * * * *

FROM CANTO IV.

Folly, after the departure of Irene, holds a long dialogue with Love, in which she argues her own superiority over Wisdom, and the beneficial influence which she exercises in the world, pretty much in the manner of Erasmus's Praise of Folly. She perceives, however, that Cupid is so sadly terrified by the threats lately held out to him. that her empire over him is still in danger.

Intranc'd in sleep while Cupid lies,
And downy slumbers seal his eyes.
* * * * * * *
Distracting cares Moria's breast
Disturb'd, and banish'd balmy rest;
She saw her charmer's fluttering heart
Was almost on the wing to part.
* * * * * * *
She doubted fear might banish love,
As frights will ague-fits remove.
* * * * * * *
Rack'd with despair, she rose and walk'd
And wildly to herself she talk'd.
* * * * * * *
Till rous'd at last her delug'd eyes,
Charm'd with a great design she tries:
Flush'd with the thought, she wings her flight
To the dun Goddess of the Night:
She found her on a mountain's side,
Where rocks her palace portals hide;
Walls of thick mist its precincts close,
No groves, lodge, cawing rooks, or crows,

But solemn Silence, still as Death,
Lay slumb'ring on th' extended heath:
Old Nature built it under ground,
Shut from the day, remote from sound;
Its outstretch'd columns arch'd inclose
Vast voids devoted to repose,
Form'd of huge caverns so obscure,
As 'twere of light the sepulture.
* * * * * * *
Stretch'd on her couch the Queen she found,
Her head with wreaths of poppy crown'd,
Each sense dissolv'd in soft repose.
* * * * * * *
While storms of grief her bosom swell,
Prostrate the nymph before her fell,
And thus the slothful power address'd:
" Wake, Night's great Goddess, give me rest,
Assist your child—my birth I owe
To you and Erebus below[1];
With millions made to me a prey,
I've throng'd the gloomy realms you sway;
Yet Love, who gods and men deceives,
Moria soon perfidious leaves;
Unless your skill divine can find
Some means to keep him true and kind."

[1] Erebus, the infernal deity, was married to Nox, the goddess, as all mythologists agree, and even Cicero tells us this in his 3d book of the Nature of the Gods. This marriage produced a crowd of horrid children, such as Deceit, Fear, Labour, Envy, and many [illegible] among whom Folly is set down as one

* * * * * * * *

* * Slow the yawning Goddess sighs,
And, half asleep, with pain replies:

"As I saw Love was false as fair,
Know, child, I made your peace my care:
While fond to fix his fickle heart,
I've form'd this masterpiece of art:
Here, take this phial, which I've fill'd
With oils from female tears distill'd.
* * * * * * * *
Warm'd with your sighs, bedew it round
His eye-lids, seal'd in trance profound,
And by lov'd Erebus I swear,
The God your chains shall raptur'd wear:
Haste, use it—leave me to my rest."
She sunk, with dozing fumes oppress'd.
* * * * * * * *

So quick as airy Fancy flies,
Or beamy light shoots round the skies,
To Cupid's couch she wings her way,
Where, sunk in sleep, the dreamer lay;
Warm'd with her sighs, the oil, in rills,
Soft round his eye-lids she distils,
Then unperceiv'd to bed she stole,
While joys enraptur'd swell'd her soul.

Wake, wretched Cupid, haste, arise,
Or never shall thy radiant eyes
Nature's fair face again survey,
Or the bright sun's delightful ray;

For by the magic arts of Night
Folly will rob thee of thy sight,
And by mad fondness, undesign'd,
Will make thee senseless, dark, and blind.

And now the virgin Light had rear'd
Her head, and o'er the mountains peer'd,
When Folly, glad her grand design
Was near the springing, like a mine,
Impatient for the great event
Of her dread mother's liniment,
Drew the bed-curtains, wild with joy,
To rouse the soul subduing boy,
And cry'd, " Awake, my dear, the sun
Already has its course begun;
Whole nature smiles, while thus we use
The morn, fresh bath'd in limpid dews."

Pleas'd he awakes; his ears rejoice
To hear her sweet bewitching voice,
And, fond, to see her turn'd his eyes,
But, starting, found, with deep surprise,
Though in their own warm melting rain
He bath'd and rubb'd them long in vain;
Their powers of vision die away,
While dimm'd, nor conscious of the day;
Fruitless they roll their shining orbs,
Which the dark gloom of night absorbs.

" O Heav'n!" he cries, " the Gods, I find,
The cruel Gods, have struck me blind.

Or rather Metis, in despite,
Has by some art destroy'd my sight.
* * * * * * *
Fair charmer, I no more shall see
The sun, nor, what's more cruel, thee."
* * * * * * *
Stood fond Moria quite distress'd,
She clapt her hands, she smote her breast;
She sighs * * * * * *
* * sinks down, and, cold as clay,
Kisses his feet, and faints away.
* * * * * * *
At length her pulse begun to beat,
And life renews its genial heat;
Her heaving lungs expanded play,
Again her eyes behold the day.

" Bright charmer !" cries the God, " your grief
Distracts, but gives me no relief;
Try to assist me: quick arise,
And couch this film which veils my eyes:
Here, take this dart, raze off, with care,
This speck, and lay the pupil bare."
* * * * * * *
While grief and shame her face o'erspread,
Upon her knee she lean'd his head;
Then points the dart, and with her hands
The crystal rooted film expands;
But oh! the rack was so intense,
So twing'd the nerve, and shock'd the sense,

He begg'd her, yelling with despair,
The fruitless torture to forbear.
* * * * * * * *
Withal the little subtle dart
Quick through his eye so pierc'd his heart,
Enkindling there such raging fires;
* * * * * * * *
They made the God his nymph adore,
And, fond to dotage, love her more.
His pain abates, but this fresh flame
So shoots into his vital frame,
* * * * * * * *
He, drunk with love and joy, forgets
His blindness and his mother's threats.
"My life!" says he, "I here discard
For this distress the least regard:
Methinks I feel my flames renew;
My life's not only yours—but you;
While, like a graft fed by the tree,
I live absorbed and sunk in thee.
* * * * * * * *
Lend me your hand; a God shall bear,
Unmov'd, those woes which mortals share.
Yes! since the evil I endure
Is past thy art and mine to cure,
Thou now o'er me and men shalt reign.
* * * * * * * *
Unchang'd as fate, the world shall find,
While Folly's faithful I'll be kind;
And ages yet unborn shall see
How firm my soul is link'd to thee.
* * * * * * *

Thus the gay hours delightful fly,
Till Folly's own good hour draws nigh,
When, twing'd and pain'd, her labour came,
She sends for many a Carian dame;
By great Lucina's help and theirs,
To ease the burthen which she bears.
Great was her danger; for the fright
She took when Cupid lost his sight,
And the dread horror of her crime,
Had made her come before her time:
Yet blest with what she thought a treasure,
A girl at last was born, call'd Pleasure,
Of a weak, sickly, tender make,
Tall, thin, and slender as a rake;
So slight, it scarce would handling bear,
Fainting in spite of Folly's care:
For, as the sensitive plant, it seem'd
To shrink at every touch, and scream'd
Like mandrakes, when their tender shoots
Are torn upwards by the roots.
* * * * * * *
Withal it had the loveliest face,
With such enchanting mien and grace,
No infant destin'd for a toast
Could such a set of features boast.
* * * * * * *
Could Venus see it, they believ'd
Her favour might be yet retriev'd.
* * * * * * *
Full of these views, their harness'd doves
Bear them from Caria's fragrant groves,

And though o'ertaken by the night,
Safely near Paphos they alight;
There, in a villa hous'd, they sent
To Venus with a compliment,
On a gilt card, ill spelt, and writ
With modern cant and awkward wit,
To tell her they were come to pay
Their duty, and they hop'd to stay.
* * * * * * *

Venus, with much entreaty, permits her Son to introduce his Mistress and Child to her. The sight of the beautiful infant Pleasure completes her reconcilement. As the apprehension of the Lovers, however, is not yet quieted respecting the anger of the Celestials, Venus appeases the lamentations of Folly, and prepares to set out for Olympus, whither Metis had gone before to prefer her suit against her betrayer and her rival.

* * * * * * * *

Venus, distracted with their cries,
* * * * * * * *

"Come, dry your tears," says she, "I'll try
My interest yet in yonder sky:
Make ready straight my car and doves;
Get on your riding coats and gloves:
Although my power may prove but faint,
When weigh'd with Metis's complaint,
And all my eloquence too weak,
When injur'd Wisdom comes to speak,
Yet these poor charms perhaps may plead
With Jove, unless your doom's decreed."

They reach'd, each storm and danger past,
The mansions of the Gods at last.
* * * * * * *

Love's cause already was come on,
And Metis had in form begun
A huge philippic on her son.
Alarm'd with this, in haste they dress'd,
And Venus on her snowy breast
The magic cestus secret plac'd,
And walk'd, with heavenly glory grac'd.
Love follow'd with his brilliant girl,
Trick'd out with jewels, lace, and pearl:
Within her fost'ring arms convey'd,
Pleasure her infant charms display'd:
When, all perfum'd with civet, came
Where Jove in judgment sat supreme;
There they heard Metis just concluding
A long harangue of Love's eluding
The Powers above, and all the vows
He swore, of making her his spouse.



Venus, in reply to Metis, addresses Jove in her Son's behalf, and pleads for permitting Moria to be his bride.

* * * * * * * *

She [1] ceas'd—the cestus did the rest,
And rous'd soft pity in his [2] breast:

[1] Venus. [2] In Jupiter's.

He sigh'd, and, with a pensive air,
Saw Metis wise, and Folly fair;
And, secret, in his breast divine,
Conceiv'd a glorious great design.
* * * * * * *

He paus'd: and thus each Hour that waits
To guard high Heaven's resplendent gates,
Bespoke, and, with a gracious mien,
Shook his ambrosial curls serene.

"Proclaim a solemn banquet—call
The Gods to our etherial hall,
Where I'll promulgate a decree
To bind both heav'n, and earth, and me;
Where Love and Metis both shall own,
Justice and mercy found my throne."
* * * * * * *

At once the swift-wing'd couriers rise,
And sound a banquet through the skies;
The Gods the thunderer's call attend,
And, pleas'd, the etherial hall ascend;
As Jove, they heard, would now decide,
Which lady should be Cupid's bride;
If Love would suit with Wisdom best,
Or happier live in Folly blest.
* * * * * * *

Each, fond to hear the sentence past,
To settle heaven and earth at last,
Put on their gayest robe and face,
The banquet and the God to grace.

* * * * * * *

The grand repasts of pompous kings,
Compar'd to this, are sordid things.

* * * * * * *

Sat all the Deities elate,
They ate and drank in golden plate.

* * * * * * *

Wine cheers their hearts, yet, calm and cool,
Each mus'd how Jove the cause would rule;
And, when they took the cloth away,
Watch'd the great business of the day.
Straight Jove all Heav'n in silence hush'd,
His will pronouncing, laugh'd and blush'd;
And placing Folly at his side,
Decrees her Cupid's fittest bride;
He shews his reasons (but too long
They would protract the faithful song),
Then toasts her health: the nectar'd bowl
He gives her to enlarge her soul:
She drank so deep, an air divine
O'er all her features seem'd to shine.

"That draught[1]," says Jove, (and, pleas'd, he smil'd,
Midst all his thunders, sweet and mild)
"Has rais'd thee, fair Moria, high
As the bright daughters of the sky;

[1] Apuleius represents Jupiter (in his 6th book) making Psyche immortal in this manner, by making her drink out of the bowl which he reached to her.

Thou'rt now immortal grown, and fit
Great Love's embraces to admit:
Together calm the frantic earth,
Allay men's woes, augment their mirth;
Sweeten their cares, and let them see,
If they're unbless'd, 'tis not from me."

He joins their hands for endless ages,
And bids them scorn censorious sages.
" Let none," said Jove, " while thus they're tied,
Sweet Folly and fond Love divide.
*　*　*　*　*　*　*

Accurs'd be his atrocious crime,
Who parts you through the rounds of time;
And let fair Pleasure always be
Belov'd by men, by gods, and me.
Yet, prudent Metis, don't despair,
For thou art mine, by Styx I swear[1],
My chosen wife, whose counsels still
Shall rule my heart and guide my will,
And with eternal charms control
The fond affections of my soul."

[1] The goddess Metis, or Wisdom, in Hesiod's Theogonia, is set down as one of the wives whom Jupiter married.—Vide Nat. Com. l. 2. p. 90. cap. 2.

AARON HILL

Was born in 1685, and died in the very minute of the earthquake of 1750, of the shock of which, though speechless, he appeared to be sensible. His life was active, benevolent, and useful: he was the general friend of unfortunate genius, and his schemes for public utility were frustrated only by the narrowness of his circumstances. Though his manners were unassuming, his personal dignity was such, that he made Pope fairly ashamed of the attempt to insult him, and obliged the satirist to apologise to him with a mean equivocation.

VERSES WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR WHEN ALONE IN AN INN AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Twenty lost years have stol'n their hours away,
Since in this inn, ev'n in this room, I lay:
How chang'd! what then was rapture, fire, and air,
Seems now sad silence all and blank despair!
Is it that youth paints every view too bright,
And, life advancing, fancy fades her light?
Ah, no!—nor yet is day so far declin'd,
Nor can time's creeping coldness reach the mind.
'Tis that I miss th' inspirer of that youth;
Her, whose soft smile was love, whose soul was truth.

Her, from whose pain I never wish'd relief,
And for whose pleasure I could smile at grief.
Prospects that, view'd with her, inspir'd before,
Now seen without her can delight no more.
Death snatch'd my joys, by cutting off her share,
But left her griefs to multiply my care.
  Pensive and cold this room in each chang'd part
I view, and, shock'd, from ev'ry object start:
There hung the watch, that beating hours from day,
Told its sweet owner's lessening life away.
There her dear diamond taught the sash my name;
'Tis gone! frail image of love, life, and fame.
That glass, she dress'd at, keeps her form no more;
Not one dear footstep tunes th' unconscious floor.
There sat she—yet those chairs no sense retain,
And busy recollection smarts in vain.
Sullen and dim, what faded scenes are here!
I wonder, and retract a starting tear,
Gaze in attentive doubt—with anguish swell,
And o'er and o'er on each weigh'd object dwell.
Then to the window rush, gay views invite,
And tempt idea to permit delight.
But unimpressive, all in sorrow drown'd,
One void forgetful desert glooms around.
  Oh life!—deceitful lure of lost desires!
How short thy period, yet how fierce thy fires!
Scarce can a passion start (we change so fast),
Ere new lights strike us, and the old are past.
Schemes following schemes, so long life's taste ex-
    plore,
That ere we learn to live, we live no more

Who then can think—yet sigh, to part with breath?
Or shun the healing hand of friendly death?
Guilt, penitence, and wrongs, and pain, and strife,
Form the whole heap'd amount, thou flatterer, life!
Is it for this, that toss'd 'twixt hope and fear,
Peace, by new shipwrecks, numbers each new year?
Oh take me, death! indulge desir'd repose,
And draw thy silent curtain round my woes.
  Yet hold—one tender pang revokes that pray'r,
Still there remains one claim to tax my care.
Gone though she is, she left her soul behind,
In four dear transcripts of her copied mind.
They chain me down to life, new task supply,
And leave me not at leisure yet to die!
Busied for them I yet forego release,
And teach my wearied heart to wait for peace.
But when their day breaks broad, I welcome night,
Smile at discharge from care, and shut out light.

VERSES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW.

TENDER-HANDED stroke a nettle,
  And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
  And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures,
  Use 'em kindly they rebel:
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
  And the rogues obey you well.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

BORN 1704.—DIED 1754.

William Hamilton, of Bangour, was of an ancient family in Ayrshire. He was liberally educated, and his genius and delicate constitution seemed to mark him out for pacific pursuits alone, but he thought fit to join the standard of rebellion in 1745, celebrated the momentary blaze of its success in an ode on the battle of Gladsmuir, and finally escaped to France, after much wandering and many hardships in the highlands. He made his peace however with the government, and came home to take possession of his paternal estate; but the state of his health requiring a warmer climate, he returned to the continent, where he continued to reside till a slow consumption carried him off at Lyons, in his 50th year.

The praise of elegance is all that can be given to his verses. In case any reader should be immoderately touched with sympathy for his love sufferings, it is proper to inform him, that Hamilton was thought by the fair ones of his day to be a very inconstant swain. A Scotch lady, whom he teased with his addresses, applied to Home, the author of Douglas, for advice how to get rid of them. Home advised her to affect to favour his assiduities. She did so, and they were immediately withdrawn.

FROM CONTEMPLATION, OR THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

O voice divine, whose heavenly strain
No mortal measure may attain,
O powerful to appease the smart,
That festers in a wounded heart,
Whose mystic numbers can assuage
The bosom of tumult'ous rage,
Can strike the dagger from despair,
And shut the watchful eye of care.
Oft lur'd by thee, when wretches call,
Hope comes, that cheers or softens all;
Expell'd by thee, and dispossest,
Envy forsakes the human breast.
Full oft with thee the bard retires,
And lost to earth, to heav'n aspires;
How nobly lost! with thee to rove
Through the long deep'ning solemn grove,
Or underneath the moonlight pale,
To silence trust some plaintive tale,
Of nature's ills, and mankind's woes,
While kings and all the proud repose;
Or where some holy aged oak,
A stranger to the woodman's stroke,
From the high rock's aerial crown
In twisting arches bending down,
Bathes in the smooth pellucid stream,
Full oft he waits the mystic dream
Of mankind's joys right understood,
And of the all-prevailing good.

Go forth invok'd, O voice divine!
And issue from thy sacred shrine.
* * * * * * *
* * Ascending heaven's height,
Contemplation, take thy flight:
Behold the sun, through heav'n's wide space,
Strong as a giant, run his race:
Behold the moon exert her light,
As blushing bride on her love-night:
Behold the sister starry train,
Her bridemaids, mount the azure plain.
See where the snows their treasures keep;
The chambers where the loud winds sleep;
Where the collected rains abide
'Till heav'n set all its windows wide,
Precipitate from high to pour
And drown in violence of show'r:
Or gently strain'd they wash the earth,
And give the tender fruits a birth.
See where thunder springs his mine;
Where the paths of lightning shine.
Or tir'd those heights still to pursue,
From heav'n descending with the dew,
That soft impregns the youthful mead,
Where thousand flowers exalt the head,
Mark how nature's hand bestows
Abundant grace on all that grows,
Tinges, with pencil slow unseen,
The grass that clothes the valley green;
Or spreads the tulip's parted streaks,
Or sanguine dyes the rose's cheeks,

Or points with light Monimia's eyes,
And forms her bosom's beauteous rise.
Ah! haunting spirit, art thou there!
Forbidden in these walks t' appear.
I thought, O Love! thou wouldst disdain
To mix with wisdom's black staid train;
But when my curious searching look
A nice survey of nature took,
Well pleas'd the matron set to shew
Her mistress-work, on earth below.
Then fruitless knowledge turn aside,
What other art remains untried
This load of anguish to remove,
And heal the cruel wounds of love?
To friendship's sacred force apply,
That source of tenderness and joy:
A joy no anxious fears profane,
A tenderness that feels no pain:
Friendship shall all these ills appease,
And give the tortur'd mourner ease.
Th' indissoluble tie, that binds
In equal chains, two sister minds:
Not such as servile int'rests choose,
From partial ends and sordid views;
Nor when the midnight banquet fires,
The choice of wine-inflam'd desires;
When the short fellowships proceed,
From casual mirth and wicked deed;
'Till the next morn estranges quite
The partners of one guilty night;

But such as judgment long has weigh'd
And years of faithfulness have tried;
Whose tender mind is fram'd to share
The equal portion of my care;
Whose thoughts my happiness employs
Sincere, who triumphs in my joys;
With whom in raptures I may stray
Through study's long and pathless way,
Obscurely blest, in joys, alone,
To the excluded world unknown.
Forsook the weak fantastic train
Of flatt'ry, mirth, all false and vain;
On whose soft and gentle breast
My weary soul may take her rest,
While the still tender look and kind
Fair springing from the spotless mind,
My perfected delights ensure
To last immortal, free and pure.
Grant, heav'n, if heav'n means bliss for me,
Monimia such, and long may be.

* * * * * * *

Contemplation, baffled maid,
Remains there yet no other aid?
Helpless and weary must thou yield
To love supreme in ev'ry field?
Let Melancholy last engage,
Rev'rend, hoary-mantled sage.
Sure, at his sable flag's display
Love's idle troop will flit away:

And bring with him his due compeer,
Silence, sad, forlorn, and drear.
  Haste thee, Silence, haste and go,
To search the gloomy world below.
My trembling steps, O Sybil, lead,
Through the dominions of the dead:
Where Care, enjoying soft repose,
Lays down the burden of his woes;
Where meritorious Want no more
Shiv'ring begs at Grandeur's door;
Unconscious Grandeur, seal'd his eyes,
On the mould'ring purple lies.
In the dim and dreary round,
Speech in eternal chains lies bound.
And see a tomb, its gates display'd,
Expands an everlasting shade.
O ye inhabitants! that dwell
Each forgotten in your cell,
O say! for whom of human race
Has fate decreed this hiding place?
  And hark! methinks a spirit calls,
Low winds the whisper round the walls,
A voice, the sluggish air that breaks,
Solemn amid the silence speaks.
Mistaken man, thou seek'st to know,
What known will but afflict with woe;
There thy Monimia shall abide,
With the pale bridegroom rest a bride,
The wan assistants there shall lay,
In weeds of death, her beauteous clay.

O words of woe! what do I hear?
What sounds invade a lover's ear?
Must then thy charms, my anxious care,
The fate of vulgar beauty share?
Good heav'n retard (for thine the pow'r)
The wheels of time, that roll the hour.
Yet ah! why swells my breast with fears?
Why start the interdicted tears?
Love, dost thou tempt again? depart,
Thou devil, cast out from my heart.
Sad I forsook the feast, the ball,
The sunny bow'r, and lofty hall,
And sought the dungeon of despair,
Yet thou overtak'st me there.
How little dream'd I thee to find
In this lone state of human kind?
Nor melancholy can prevail,
The direful deed, nor dismal tale:
Hop'd I for these thou wouldst remove?
How near akin is grief to love?
Then no more I strive to shun
Love's chains: O heav'n! thy will be done.
The best physician here I find,
To cure a sore diseased mind,
For soon this venerable gloom
Will yield a weary sufferer room;
No more a slave to love decreed,
At ease and free among the dead.
Come then, ye tears, ne'er cease to flow.
In full satiety of woe:
Though now the maid my heart alarms,
Severe and mighty in her charms,

Doom'd to obey, in bondage prest,
The tyrant's love commands unblest;
Pass but some fleeting moments o'er,
This rebel heart shall beat no more;
Then from my dark and closing eye,
The form belov'd shall ever fly.
The tyranny of love shall cease,
Both laid down to sleep in peace;
To share alike our mortal lot,
Her beauties and my cares forgot.

GILBERT WEST.

BORN 1706.—DIED 1756.

The translator of Pindar was the son of the Rev. Dr. West, who published an edition of the same classic at Oxford. His mother was sister to Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham. Though bred at Oxford with a view to the church, he embraced the military life for some time, but left it for the employment of Lord Townshend, then secretary of state, with whom he accompanied the King to Hanover. Through this interest he was appointed clerk extraordinary to the privy council, a situation which however was not immediately profitable. He married soon after, and retired to Wickham, in Kent, where his residence was often visited by Pitt and Lord Lyttleton. There he wrote his Observations on the Resurrection, for which the university of Oxford made him a doctor of laws. He succeeded at last to a lucrative clerkship of the privy council,

and Mr. Pitt made him treasurer of Chelsea hospital; but this accession to his fortune came but a short time previous to his death, which was occasioned by a stroke of the palsy.

ALLEGORICAL DESCRIPTION OF VERTU.

FROM THE ABUSE OF TRAVELLING.

So on he passed, till he comen hath
To a small river, that full slow did glide,
As it uneath mote find its watry path
For stones and rubbish, that did choak its tide,
So lay the mouldering piles on every side,
Seem'd there a goodly city once had been,
Albeit now fallen were her royal pride,
Yet mote her ancient greatness still be seen,
Still from her ruins prov'd the world's imperial queen.

For the rich spoil of all the continents,
The boast of art and nature there was brought,
Corinthian brass, Egyptian monuments,
With hieroglyphic sculptures all inwrought,
And Parian marbles, by Greek artists taught
To counterfeit the forms of heroes old,
And set before the eye of sober thought
Lycurgus, Homer, and Alcides bold.
All these and many more that may not here be told.

There in the middest of a ruin'd pile,
That seem'd a theatre of circuit vast,
Where thousands might be seated, he erewhile
Discover'd hath an uncouth trophy plac'd;

Seem'd a huge heap of stone together cast
In nice disorder and wild symmetry,
Urns, broken freezes, statues half defac'd,
And pedestals with antique imagery
Emboss'd, and pillars huge of costly porphyry.

Aloft on this strange basis was ypight
With girlonds gay adorn'd a golden chair,
In which aye smiling with self-bred delight,
In careless pride reclin'd a lady fair,
And to soft music lent her idle ear;
The which with pleasure so did her enthral,
That for aught else she had but little care,
For wealth, or fame, or honour feminal,
Or gentle love, sole king of pleasures natural.

Als by her side, in richest robes array'd,
An eunuch sate, of visage pale and dead,
Unseemly paramour for royal maid!
Yet him she courted oft and honoured,
And oft would by her place in princely sted,
Though from the dregs of earth he springen were,
And oft with regal crowns she deck'd his head,
And oft, to sooth her vain and foolish ear,
She bade him the great names of mighty Kesars bear.

Thereto herself a pompous title bore,
For she was vain of her great ancestry,
But vainer still of that prodigious store
Of arts and learning, which she vaunts to lie
In the rich archives of her treasury.
These she to strangers oftentimes would show,
With grave demean and solemn vanity,

Then proudly claim as to her merit due,
The venerable praise and title of Vertù.

Vertù she was yclept, and held her court
With outward shows of pomp and majesty,
To which natheless few others did resort,
But men of base and vulgar industry,
Or such perdy as of them cozen'd be,
Mimes, fiddlers, pipers, eunuchs squeaking fine,
Painters and builders, sons of masonry,
Who well could measure with the rule and line,
And all the orders five right craftily define.

But other skill of cunning architect,
How to contrive the house for dwelling best,
With self-sufficient scorn they wont neglect,
As corresponding with their purpose least;
And herein be they copied of the rest,
Who aye pretending love of science fair,
And generous purpose to adorn the breast
With liberal arts, to Vertù's court repair,
Yet nought but tunes and names, and coins away do bear.

For long, to visit her once-honour'd seat
The studious sons of learning have forbore:
Who whilom thither ran, with pilgrim feet,
Her venerable reliques to adore,
And load their bosom with the sacred store,
Whereof the world large treasure yet enjoys.
But sithence she declin'd from wisdom's lore,
They left her to display her pompous toys
To virtuosi vain, and wonder-gaping boys.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

BORN 1721.—DIED 1756.

Collins published his Oriental eclogues while at college, and his lyrical poetry at the age of twenty-six. Those works will abide comparison with whatever Milton wrote under the age of thirty. If they have rather less exuberant wealth of genius, they exhibit more exquisite touches of pathos. Like Milton, he leads us into the haunted ground of imagination; like him, he has the rich economy of expression haloed with thought, which by single or few words often hints entire pictures to the imagination. In what short and simple terms, for instance, does he open a wide and majestic landscape to the mind, such as we might view from Benlomond or Snowden, when he speaks of the hut

> "That from some mountain's side
> Views wilds and swelling floods,"

And in the line "Where faint and sickly winds for ever howl around," he does not merely seem to describe the sultry desart, but brings it home to the senses

A cloud of obscurity sometimes rests on his highest conceptions, arising from the fineness of his associations, and the daring sweep of his allusions; but the shadow is transitory, and interferes

very little with the light of his imagery, or the warmth of his feelings. The absence of even this speck of mysticism from his Ode on the Passions is perhaps the happy circumstance that secured its unbounded popularity. Nothing is common-place in Collins The pastoral eclogue, which is insipid in all other English hands, assumes in his a touching interest, and a picturesque air of novelty. It seems that he himself ultimately undervalued those eclogues, as deficient in characteristic manners; but surely no just reader of them cares any more about this circumstance than about the authenticity of the tale of Troy.

In his Ode to Fear he hints at his dramatic ambition, and he planned several tragedies. Had he lived to enjoy and adorn existence, it is not easy to conceive his sensitive spirit and harmonious ear descending to mediocrity in any path of poetry; yet it may be doubted if his mind had not a passion for the visionary and remote forms of imagination too strong and exclusive for the general purposes of the drama. His genius loved to breathe rather in the preternatural and ideal element of poetry, than in the atmosphere of imitation, which lies closest to real life; and his notions of poetical excellence, whatever vows he might address to the manners, were still tending to the vast, the undefinable, and the abstract. Certainly, however, he carried sensibility and tenderness into the highest regions of abstracted thought: his enthusiasm spreads a glow

even amongst "the shadowy tribes of mind," and his allegory is as sensible to the heart as it is visible to the fancy.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
    Like thy own solemn springs,
    Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
    With brede ethereal wove,
    O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
    Or where the beetle winds
    His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
    Now teach me, maid compos'd,
    To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
    As, musing slow, I hail
    Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires.
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

ODE ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND;

CONSIDERED AS THE SUBJECT OF POETRY.

Inscribed to Mr John Home

Home, thou return'st from Thames, whose naiads long
Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay,
Mid those soft friends, whose hearts some future day,
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song.
Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth[1]
Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by Lavant's side;
Together let us wish him lasting truth,
And joy untainted with his destin'd bride.

[1] A gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins.

Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
  My short-liv'd bliss, forget my social name;
But think, far off, how, on the southern coast,
  I met thy friendship with an equal flame!
Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
  Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand:
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail;
  Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial
    land.

There, must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;
  'Tis fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet;
  Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.
There, each trim lass, that skims the milky store,
  To the swart tribes their creamy bowls allots;
By night they sip it round the cottage door,
  While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.
There, every herd, by sad experience, knows
  How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
  Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd swain:
  Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts
    neglect;
Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain;
  These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
That add new conquests to her boundless reign,
  And fill, with double force, her heart-command-
    ing strain.

Ev'n yet preserv'd, how often may'st thou hear,
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
Taught by the father to his listening son;
Strange lays, whose power had charm'd a Spenser's ear.
At every pause, before thy mind possest,
Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,
Then matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd.
Whether thou bid'st the well-taught hind repeat
The choral dirge, that mourns some chieftain brave,
When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave;
Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel[1],
Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms;
When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny swarms,
And hostile brothers met to prove each other's arms.

'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizard-seer,
Lodg'd in the wintery cave with fate's fell spear,
Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells:
How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
With their own vision oft astonish'd droop,

[1] A summer hut, built in the high part of the mountains, tend their flocks in the warm season, when the pasture is fine.

When, o'er the wat'ry strath, or quaggy moss,
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop.
Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
Their destin'd glance some fated youth descry,
Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,
And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.
For them the viewless forms of air obey;
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair.
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless, oft like moody madness, stare
To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

To monarchs dear [1], some hundred miles astray,
Oft have they seen fate give the fatal blow!
The seer, in Sky, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay!
As Boreas threw his young Aurora forth,
In the first year of the first George's reign,
And battles rag'd in welkin of the North,
They mourn'd in air, fell, fell rebellion slain!
And as, of late, they joy'd in Preston's fight,
Saw at sad Falkirk all their hopes near crown'd!

[1] SUPPLEMENTAL LINES BY MR. MACKENZIE.

'Or on some bellying rock that shades the deep
They view the lurid signs that cross the sky,
Where in the west, the brooding tempests lie,
And hear the first faint rustling pennons sweep.
Or in the arched cave, where, deep and dark,
The broad unbroken billows heave and swell,

They rav'd! divining, through their second sight[1],
Pale, red Culloden, where these hopes were drown'd!
Illustrious William[2]! Britain's guardian name!
One William sav'd us from a tyrant's stroke;
He, for a sceptre, gain'd heroic fame,
But thou, more glorious, slavery's chain hast broke,
To reign a private man, and bow to freedom's yoke!

In horrid musings rapt, they sit to mark
The lab'ring moon; or list the nightly yell
Of that dread spirit, whose gigantic form
The seer's entranced eye can well survey,
Through the dim air who guides the driving storm,
And points the wretched bark, its destin'd prey.
Or him who hovers on his flagging wing,
O'er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean's waste,
Draws instant down whate'er devoted thing
The falling breeze within its reach hath plac'd—
The distant seaman hears, and flies with trembling haste.
Or, if on land the fiend exerts his sway,
Silent he broods o'er quicksand, bog, or fen,
Far from the sheltering roof and haunts of men,
When witched darkness shuts the eye of day,
And shrouds each star that wont to cheer the night
Or, if the drifted snow perplex the way,
With treacherous gleam he lures the fated wight,
And leads him floundering on and quite astray."

[1] Second sight is the term that is used for the divination of the Highlanders.

[2] The late Duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.

These, too, thou'lt sing! for well thy magic muse
  Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar;
  Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more!
Ah, homely swains! your homeward steps ne'er
      loose:
  Let not dank Will[1] mislead you to the heath:
Dancing in murky night, o'er fen and lake,
  He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake!
What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
  His glimmering mazes cheer th' excursive sight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
  Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light;
For watchful, lurking, 'mid th' unrustling reed,
  At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
  And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch
      surprise.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest, indeed!
  Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
  Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then!
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed:
  On him, enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
  But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return!

[1] A fiery meteor, called by various names, such as Will with the Wisp, Jack with the Lanthorn, &c. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny places.

Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape,
To some dim hill that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye, the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise,
Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source!
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs?
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthly force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless corse!

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way;
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate!
Ah, ne'er shall he return! Alone, if night,
Her travel'd limbs in broken slumbers steep!
With drooping willows drest, his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep:
Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery hand,
Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek,
And with his blue-swoln face before her stand,
And, shivering cold, these piteous accents speak:
" Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils, pursue,
" At dawn or dusk, industrious as before;
" Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
" While I lie weltering on the osier'd shore,
" Drown'd by the Kelpie's[1] wrath, nor e'er shall aid thee more!"

[1] The water fiend

Unbounded is thy range; with varied skill
  Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which
      spring
  From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
  To that hoar pile[1] which still its ruins shows:
In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
  Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd
      ground!
Or thither[2], where beneath the show'ry west
  The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid:
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
  No slaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,
  The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
  In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
  On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting
      tides,
  Fair nature's daughter, virtue, yet abides.
Go! just, as they, their blameless manners trace!

[1] One of the Hebrides is called the isle of Pigmies; where it is reported, that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there.

[2] Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintery main.
With sparing temperance at the needful time
They drain the scented spring; or, hunger-prest,
Along th' Atlantic rock undreading climb,
And of its eggs despoil the solan's[1] nest.
Thus blest in primal innocence they live,
Suffic'd, and happy with that frugal fare
Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possest;
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But fill'd, in elder time, th' historic page.
There, Shakspeare's self, with every garland crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour; his wayward sisters found,
And with their terrors drest the magic scene.
From them he sung, when, 'mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted and aghast,
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line,
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant past.
Proceed! nor quit the tales which, simply told,

[1] An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

Could once so well my answering bosom pierce;
Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to fancy's view,
Th' heroic Muse employ'd her Tasso's art!
How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's stroke,
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd!
When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
And the wild blast upheav'd the vanish'd sword!
How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!
Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung!
Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here!
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows!
Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong and clear,
And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious ear!

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail!
Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
Are by smooth Annan[1] fill'd, or past'ral Tay[2],
Or Don's[3] romantic springs, at distance hail!
The time shall come, when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens[4], o'erhung with spreading broom;

[1] [2] [3] Three rivers in Scotland. [4] Valleys.

Or o'er your stretching heaths, by fancy led;
Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!
Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
Where Jonson[1] sat in Drummond's classic shade;
Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower,
And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's laid!
Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains[2], attend!—
Where'er Home dwells, on hill, or lowly moor,
To him I lose, your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my absent friend!

COLLEY CIBBER.

BORN 1671.—DIED 1757.

SONG.

THE BLIND BOY.

O SAY! what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!

[1] Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, in 1619, to the Scotch poet Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh.

[2] Barrow, it seems, was at the Edinburgh university, which is in the county of Lothian.

You talk of wond'rous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night.

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

EDWARD MOORE.

BORN 1712.—DIED 1757.

EDWARD MOORE was the son of a dissenting clergyman at Abingdon, in Berkshire, and was bred to the business of a linen-draper, which he pursued, however, both in London and Ireland, with so little succcss, that he embraced the literary life (according to his own account) more from necessity than inclination. His fables (in 1744) first brought him into notice The Honourable Mr. Pelham was one of his earliest friends; and his trial of Selim gained

him the friendship of Lord Lyttleton. Of three works which he produced for the stage, his two comedies, the Foundling and Gil Blas, were unsuccessful; but he was fully indemnified by the profits and reputation of the Gamester. Moore himself acknowledges that he owed to Garrick many popular passages of his drama; and Davies, the biographer of Garrick, ascribes to the great actor the whole scene between Lewson and Stukely, in the fourth act; but Davies's authority is not oracular. About the year 1751 Lord Lyttleton, in concert with Dodsley, projected the paper of the World, of which it was agreed that Moore should enjoy the profits, whether the numbers were written by himself or by volunteer contributors. Lyttleton's interest soon enlisted many accomplished coadjutors, such as Cambridge, Jennyns, Lord Chesterfield, and H. Walpole. Moore himself wrote sixty-one of the papers. In the last number of the World the conclusion is made to depend on a fictitious incident which had occasioned the death of the author. When the papers were collected into volumes, Moore, who superintended the publication, realized this jocular fiction by his own death, whilst the last number was in the press.

THE DISCOVERY.

AN ODE.

. . . . . . Vir bonus est quis? HOR.

TAKE wing, my Muse! from shore to shore
Fly, and that happy place explore
  Where Virtue deigns to dwell;

If yet she treads on British ground,
Where can the fugitive be found,
In city, court, or cell?

Not there, where wine and frantic mirth
Unite the sensual sons of Earth
In Pleasure's thoughtless train:
Nor yet where sanctity's a show,
Where souls nor joy nor pity know
For human bliss or pain.

Her social heart alike disowns
The race, who, shunning crowds and thrones,
In shades sequester'd doze;
Whose sloth no generous care can wake,
Who rot, like weeds on Lethe's lake,
In senseless, vile repose.

With these she shuns the factious tribe,
Who spurn the yet unoffer'd bribe,
And at corruption lour;
Waiting till Discord Havoc cries,
In hopes, like Catiline, to rise
On anarchy to pow'r!

Ye wits, who boast from ancient times
A right divine to scourge our crimes,
Is it with you she rests?
No. Int'rest, slander are your views,
And Virtue now, with every Muse,
Flies your unhallow'd breasts.

There was a time, I heard her say,
Ere females were seduc'd by play,
When Beauty was her throne;
But now, where dwelt the soft Desires,
The Furies light forbidden fires,
To Love and her unknown.

From these th' indignant goddess flies,
And where the spires of Science rise,
A while suspends her wing;
But pedant Pride and Rage are there,
And Faction tainting all the air,
And pois'ning every spring.

Long through the sky's wide pathless way
The Muse observ'd the wand'rer stray,
And mark'd her last retreat;
O'er Surrey's barren heaths she flew,
Descending like the silent dew
On Esher's peaceful seat.

There she beholds the gentle Mole
His pensive waters calmly roll,
Amidst Elysian ground:
There through the windings of the grove
She leads her family of Love,
And strews her sweets around.

I hear her bid the daughters fair
Oft to yon gloomy grot repair,

Her secret steps to meet:
" Nor thou," she cries, " these shades forsake,
But come, lov'd consort, come and make
The husband's bliss complete."

Yet not too much the soothing ease
Of rural indolence shall please
My Pelham's ardent breast;
The man whom Virtue calls her own
Must stand the pillar of a throne,
And make a nation blest.

Pelham! 'tis thine with temp'rate zeal
To guard Britannia's public weal,
Attack'd on every part:
Her fatal discords to compose,
Unite her friends, disarm her foes,
Demands thy head and heart.

When bold Rebellion shook the land,
Ere yet from William's dauntless hand
Her barbarous army fled;
When Valour droop'd, and Wisdom fear'd,
Thy voice expiring Credit heard,
And rais'd her languid head.

Now by thy strong assisting hand,
Fix'd on a rock I see her stand,
Against whose solid feet,
In vain, through every future age,

The loudest, most tempestuous rage
Of angry war shall beat.

And grieve not if the sons of Strife
Attempt to cloud thy spotless life,
And shade its brightest scenes;
Wretches, by kindness unsubdu'd,
Who see, who share the common good,
Yet cavil at the means.

Like these, the metaphysic crew,
Proud to be singular and new,
Think all they see deceit;
Are warm'd and cherish'd by the day,
Feel and enjoy the heavenly ray,
Yet doubt of light and heat.

JOHN DYER.

BORN 1700.—DIED 1758.

DYER was the son of a solicitor at Aberglasney, in Caermarthenshire. He was educated at Westminster school, and returned from thence to be instructed in his father's profession, but left it for poetry and painting; and having studied the arts of design under a master, was for some time, as he says, an itinerant painter in Wales. Dividing his affections, however,

between the sister Muses, he indited his Grongar Hill amidst those excursions. It was published about his twenty-seventh year. He afterwards made the tour of Italy in the spirit both of an artist and poet, and, besides studying pictures and prospects, composed a poem on the Ruins of Rome. On his return to England he married a lady of the name of Ensor, a descendant of Shakspeare, retired into the country, and entered into orders. His last preferment was to the living of Kirkley on Bane. The witticism on his Fleece, related by Dr. Johnson, that its author, if he was an old man, would be buried in woollen, has perhaps been oftener repeated than any passage in the poem itself.

GRONGAR HILL.

Silent nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phœbus riding high
Gives lustre to the land and sky!

Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottos where I lay,
And vistos shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale:
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!

No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
  Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
  Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;

Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave

And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see:
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;

For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
  Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings:
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
  Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor;
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close ally'd,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

BORN 1686.—DIED 1758.

THE personal history of Allan Ramsay is marked by few circumstances of striking interest; yet, independently of his poetry, he cannot be reckoned an insignificant individual who gave Scotland her first circulating library, and who established her first regular theatre. He was born in the parish of Crawfurd Moor, in Lanarkshire, where his father had the charge of Lord Hopeton's lead mines. His mother, Alice Bower, was the daughter of an Englishman who had emigrated to that place from Derbyshire. By his paternal descent the poet boasts of having sprung from " a Douglas loin," but, owing to the early death of his father, his education was confined to a parish school, and at the age of fifteen he was bound apprentice to the humble business of a wig-maker. On this subject one of his Scottish biographers refutes, with some indignation, a report which had gone abroad, that our poet was bred a barber, and carefully instructs the reader, that in those good times, when a fashionable wig cost twenty guineas, the employment of manufacturing them was

both lucrative and creditable[1]. Ramsay, however, seems to have felt no ambition either for the honours or profits of the vocation, as he left it on finishing his apprenticeship. In his twenty-fourth year he married the daughter of a writer or attorney, in Edinburgh. His eldest son[2] rose to well-known eminence

[1] Apropos to this delicate distinction of the Scottish biographer may be mentioned the advertisement of a French peruquier in the Palais Royal, who ranks his business among the "imitative arts." A London artist in the same profession had a similar jealousy with the historian of Ramsay's life, at the idea of mere "trimmers of the human face" being confounded with "genuine peruquiers." In advertising his crop-wigs he alluded to some wig-weaving competitors, whom he denominated "mere hair-dressers and barbers;" and "shall a barber (he exclaims) affect to rival these crops?" "Barbarus has segetes."—VIRGIL.

[2] This son of the poet was a man of literature as well as genius. The following whimsical specimen of his poetry is subjoined as a curiosity. The humorous substitution of the kirk treasury-man for Horace's wolf, in the third stanza, will only be recognised by those who understand the importance of that ecclesiastical officer in Scotland, and the powers with which he is invested for summoning delinquents before the clergy and elders, in cases of illegitimate love.

HORACE'S "INTEGER VITÆ," &c. BY ALLAN RAMSAY, JUN.

A man of no base (John) life or conversation,
Needs not to trust in, coat of mail nor buffskin,
Nor need he vapour, with the sword and rapier,
Pistol, or great gun.

Whether he ranges, eastward to the Ganges,
Or if he bends his course to the West Indies,
Or sail the Sea Red, which so many strange odd
Stories are told of.

as a painter. Our poet's first means of subsistence after his marriage, were to publish small poetical productions in a cheap form, which became so popular, that even in this humble sale he was obliged to call upon the magistrates to protect his literary property from the piracy of the hawkers. He afterwards set up as a bookseller, and published at his own shop, a new edition of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," with two cantos of his own subjoined to the ancient original, which is ascribed to James I. of Scotland. A passage in one of those modern cantos of Ramsay's, describing a husband fascinated homewards from a scene of drunkenness by the gentle persuasions of his wife, has been tastefully selected

For but last Monday, walking at noon day,
Conning a ditty, to divert my Betty,
By me that son's Turk (I not frighted) our Kirk-
Treasurer's man pass'd,

And sure more horrid monster in the torrid-
Zone ne'er was found, Sir, tho' for snakes renown'd, Sir,
Nor can great Peter's empire boast such creatures,
Th'ot bears the wet nurse.

Should I by hap land on the coast of Lapland,
Where there no fir is, much less pears and cherries,
Where stormy weather's sold by hags, whose leather-
faces would fright one.

Place me where tea grows, or where sooty negroes,
Sheep's guts round tie them, lest the sun should fry them,
Still while my Betty smiles and talks so pretty,
I will adore her.

by Wilkie, and been made the subject of his admirable pencil.

In 1724 he published a collection of popular Scottish songs, called the Tea-table Miscellany, which speedily ran through twelve impressions. Ruddiman assisted him in the glossary, and Hamilton of Bangour and Mallet were among the contributors to his modern songs. In the same year appeared his Evergreen, a collection of pieces from the Bannatyne MSS. written before the year 1600. Here the vanity of adorning what it was his duty to have faithfully transcribed led him to take many liberties with the originals; and it is pretty clear that one poem, viz. the Vision, which he pretended to have found in ancient manuscript, was the fruit of his own brain. But the Vision, considered as his own, adds a plume to his poetical character which may overshade his defects as an editor.

In 1726 he published his Gentle Shepherd. The first rudiments of that pleasing drama had been given to the public in two pastoral dialogues, which were so much liked that his friends exhorted him to extend them into a regular play. The reception of this piece soon extended his reputation beyond Scotland. His works were reprinted at Dublin, and became popular in the colonies. Pope was known to admire the Gentle Shepherd, and Gay, when he was in Scotland, sought for explanations of its phrases, that he might communicate them to his friend at

Twickenham. Ramsay's shop was a great resort of the congenial fabulist while he remained in Edinburgh; and from its windows, which overlooked the Exchange, the Scottish poet used to point out to Gay the most remarkable characters of the place.

A second volume of his poems appeared in 1728, and in 1730 he published a collection of fables. His epistles in the former volume are generally indifferent, but there is one addressed to the poet Somerville, which contains some easy lines. Professing to write from nature more than art, he compares, with some beauty, the rude style which he loved and practised, to a neglected orchard.

I love the garden wild and wide,
Where oaks have plum-trees by their side,
Where woodbines and the twisting vine
Clip round the pear-tree and the pine;
Where mixt jonquils and gowans[1] grow,
And roses midst rank clover blow,
Upon a bank of a clear strand,
Its wimplings led by nature's hand;
Though docks and brambles, here and there,
May sometimes cheat the gard'ner's care,
Yet this to me's a Paradise,
Compar'd to prime cut plots and nice,
Where nature has to art resign'd,
And all looks stiff, mean, and confin'd.

[1] Daisies.

Of original poets he says, in one expressive couplet:

The native bards first plung'd the deep,
Before the artful dar'd to leap.

About the age of forty-five he ceased to write for the public. The most remarkable circumstance of his life was an attempt which he made to establish a theatre in Edinburgh. Our poet had been always fond of the drama, and had occasionally supplied prologues to the players, who visited the northern capital. But though the age of fanaticism was wearing away, it had not yet suffered the drama to have a settled place of exhibition in Scotland; and when Ramsay had with great expense, in the year 1736, fitted up a theatre in Carubber's Close, the act for licensing the stage, which was passed in the following year, gave the magistrates of Edinburgh a power of shutting it up, which they exerted with gloomy severity. Such was the popular hatred of play-houses in Scotland at this period, that, some time afterwards, the mob of Glasgow demolished the first play-house that was erected in their city; and though the work of destruction was accomplished in day-light by many hundreds, it was reckoned so godly, that no reward could bribe any witness to appear or inform against the rioters. Ten years from the date of this disappointment, Ramsay had the satisfaction of seeing dramatic entertainments freely enjoyed by his fellow citizens, but in the mean time he was not only left without legal relief for his own loss in the

speculation (having suffered what the Scotch law denominated a "*damnum sine injuria,*") but he was assailed with libels on his moral character, for having endeavoured to introduce the "*hell-bred playhouse comedians.*"

He spent some of the last years of his life in a house of whimsical construction, on the north side of the Castle hill of Edinburgh, where the place of his residence is still distinguished by the name of Ramsay garden.

A scurvy in his gums put a period to his life in his seventy-second year. He died at Edinburgh, and was interred in the Grey Friars church-yard. Ramsay was small in stature, with dark but expressive and pleasant features. He seems to have possessed the constitutional philosophy of good humour. His genius gave him access to the society of those who were most distinguished for rank and talents in his native country, but his intercourse with them was marked by no servility, and never seduced him from the quiet attention to trade by which he ultimately secured a moderate independence. His vanity in speaking of himself is often excessive, but it is always gay and goodnatured. On one occasion he modestly takes precedence of Peter the Great, in estimating their comparative importance with the public.—"But ha'd[1], proud Czar (he says) I wad na niffer[2] fame." Much of his poetry breathes the subdued aspirations of Jacobitism. He was one of

[1] Hold. [2] Exchange.

those Scotsmen who for a long time would not extend their patriotism to the empire in which their country was merged, and who hated the cause of the Whigs in Scotland, from remembering its ancient connexion with the leaven of fanaticism. The Tory cause had also found its way to their enthusiasm by being associated with the pathos and romance of the lost independence of their country. The business of Darien was still "alta mente repostum." Fletcher's eloquence on the subject of the Union was not forgotten, nor that of Belhaven, who had apostrophised the Genius of Caledonia in the last meeting of her senate, and who died of grief at the supposed degradation of his country. Visionary as the idea of Scotland's independence as a kingdom might be, we must most of all excuse it in a poet whose fancy was expressed, and whose reputation was bound up, in a dialect from which the Union took away the last chance of perpetuity.

Our poet's miscellaneous pieces, though some of them are very ingenious[1], are upon the whole of a much coarser grain than his pastoral drama. The admirers of the Gentle Shepherd must perhaps be contented to share some suspicion of national partiality, while they do justice to their own feeling of its merit. Yet as this drama is a picture of rustic Scotland, it would

[1] Particularly the tale of the Monk and the Millar's Wife. This story is, unhappily, unfit for a popular collection like the present, but it is well told. It is borrowed from an old poem attributed to Dunbar.

perhaps be saying little for its fidelity, if it yielded no more agreeableness to the breast of a native than he could expound to a stranger by the strict letter of criticism. We should think the painter had finished the likeness of a mother very indifferently, if it did not bring home to her children traits of undefinable expression which had escaped every eye but that of familiar affection. Ramsay had not the force of Burns, but, neither, in just proportion to his merits, is he likely to be felt by an English reader. The fire of Burns's wit and passion glows through an obscure dialect by its confinement to short and concentrated bursts. The interest which Ramsay excites is spread over a long poem, delineating manners more than passions, and the mind must be at home both in the language and manners, to appreciate the skill and comic archness with which he has heightened the display of rustic character without giving it vulgarity, and refined the view of peasant life by situations of sweetness and tenderness, without departing in the least degree from its simplicity. The Gentle Shepherd stands quite apart from the general pastoral poetry of modern Europe. It has no satyrs, nor featureless simpletons, nor drowsy and still landscapes of nature, but distinct characters and amusing incidents. The principal shepherd never speaks out of consistency with the habits of a peasant, but he moves in that sphere with such a manly spirit, with so much cheerful sensibility to its humble joys,

with maxims of life so rational and independent, and with an ascendancy over his fellow swains so well maintained by his force of character, that if we could suppose the pacific scenes of the drama to be suddenly changed into situations of trouble and danger, we should, in exact consistency with our former idea of him, expect him to become the leader of the peasants, and the Tell of his native hamlet. Nor is the character of his mistress less beautifully conceived. She is represented, like himself, as elevated, by a fortunate discovery, from obscure to opulent life, yet as equally capable of being the ornament of either. A Richardson or a D'Arblay, had they continued her history, might have heightened the portrait, but they would not have altered its outline. Like the poetry of Tasso and Ariosto, that of the Gentle Shepherd is engraven on the memory of its native country. Its verses have passed into proverbs, and it continues to be the delight and solace of the peasantry whom it describes.

FROM THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flowrie howm[1] between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths[2],
A troting burnie wimpling throw the ground,
Its channel peebles shining smooth and round:

[1] The level low ground on the banks of a stream.—[2] Clothes.

Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
First please your eye, then gratify your ear;
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg with better sense true love defends.

PEGGY *and* JENNY.

Jenny. COME, Meg, let 's fa to wark upon this green,
This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water 's clear, the lift[1] unclouded blew,
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.
Peggy. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' that's sweet in spring and simmer grow:
Between twa birks out o'er a little lin[2],
The water fa's, and makes a singand din:
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirles the bord'ring grass.
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het we'll to the pool,
There wash oursells; 'tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.
Jenny. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Giff our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us sae?—that jeering fellow, Pate,
Wad taunting say, "Haith, lasses, ye're no blate[3]."
Peggy. We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the hight;
But tell me now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain?

[1] Sky.—[2] A pool beneath a waterfall.—[3] Modest.

The neighbours a' tent this as well as I;
That Roger loo's ye, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.
Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kames his hair, indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug;
Whilk pensylie[1] he wears a thought a-jee[2],
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
He falds his owrelay[3] down his breast with care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, "How d'ye?"—or, "There's a bonny "day."
Peggy. Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld,
Wha likes a dorty[4] maiden when she's auld?
Like dawted wean[5] that tarrows at its meat[6],
That for some feckless[7] whim will orp[8] and greet:
The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's leavings at the last.
Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.
Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.
Peggy. Nor I: but love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.
Jenny. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell,
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.

[1] Sprucely.—[2] To one side.—[3] Cravat.—[4] Pettish.—[5] Spoilt child.—[6] Pettishly refuses its food.—[7] Silly.—[8] Frets.

He glowrs[1] and sighs, and I can guess the cause:
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
The chiels may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peggy. Be doing your ways: for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jenny. Heh! lass, how can ye loo that rattle-skull?
A very deel, that ay maun have his will.
We soon will hear what a poor feightan life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

Peggy. I'll rin the risk; nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
'Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lay my head.
There he may kiss as lang as kissing 's good,
And what we do there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his will; why no? 'tis good my part
To give him that, and he'll give me his heart.

Jenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Mak meikle o' ye, with an unco fraise,
And daut ye baith afore fowk and your lane:
But soon as your newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:

[1] Stares.

And may be, in his barlichoods[1], ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.
Peggy. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as that want pith to move
My settl'd mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him I dread nae other skaith[2].
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.
And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music thro' my heart.
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at little fears that fright the lave.
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads feil[3] books that teach him meikle skill;
He is—but what need I say that or this,
I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
In a' he says or does there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs, compar'd with my dear Pate;
His better sense will lang his love secure:
Ill-nature hefts in sauls are weak and poor.
Jenny. Hey, "bonny lass of Branksome!" or 't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride!
Syne whindging gets about your ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that with fasheous[4] din:
To make them brats then ye man toil and spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, an scads itself wi' brue[5],
Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe:

[1] Cross-moods.—[2] Harm.—[3] Many.—[4] Troublesome.—[5] Scalds itself with broth.

The "Deel gaes o'er John Wabster[1]:" hame grows
hell,
When Pate miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.
Peggy. Yes, it's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow, Jenny! can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at, their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love makes care delight?
Jenny. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw:
There little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom[2].
Your nowt may die; the speat[3] may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay;
The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wethers, and may rot your ews;
A dyvour[4] buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
But or the day of payment breaks and flees;
With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent,
'Tis no to gie, your merchant's to the bent;
His honour maunna want, he poinds your gear;
Syne driven frae house and hald, where will ye
steer?—
Dear Meg, be wise, and lead a single life;
Troth, it's nae mows[5] to be a married wife.

1 A Scotch proverb when all goes wrong.—2 Empty.—3 Land flood.—4 Bankrupt.—5 It is no slight calamity.

Peggy. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she,
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's requir'd—let heaven make out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads should a' for wives that's vertuous pray;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A well-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins I'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For healsome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind 's our ain.—Thus without fear,
With love and rowth [1] we throw the warld will steer;
And when my Pate in bairns and geer grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglit on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peggy. Nae mair of that:—dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we:
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them with solidity of mind;
They'll reason caulmly, and with kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile:

[1] Plenty.

Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks[1] at hame;
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart.
At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his will:
In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane:
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pot 's be ready to take aff;
Clean hag-abag[2] I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him with the best we can afford:
Good-humour and white bigonets[3] shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
And dozins[4] down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
And in their mixture now are fully blest:
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast;
That in return defends it frae the west.

[1] Mates.—[2] Huckabuck.—[3] Linen caps or coifs.—[4] Dwindles.

Sic as stand single, (a state sae lik'd by you,)
Beneath ilk storm frae every airt[1] man bow.

Jenny. I've done.—I yield, dear lassie, I man yield,
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a day.

Peggy. Alake, poor pris'ner!—Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie thing take the air:
Haste, let him out; we'll tent as well 's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's, or poor Roger's man.

Jenny. Anither time's as good; for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freath the graith: if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie us a wicked rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell you a' my mind;
For this seems true—nae lass can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

BORN 1709.—DIED 1759.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS was the son of John Hanbury, Esq. a South Sea Director. He sat in several parliaments, was, in 1744, installed a knight of the bath, and was afterwards minister at the courts of Berlin and Petersburgh.

[1] Quarter.

ODE.

TO A GREAT NUMBER OF GREAT MEN, NEWLY MADE.

SEE, a new progeny descends
From Heaven, of Britain's truest friends:
  Oh Muse! attend my call!
To one of these direct thy flight,
Or, to be sure that we are right,
  Direct it to them all.

O Clio! these are golden times;
I shall get money for my rhymes;
  And thou no more go tatter'd:
Make haste then, lead the way, begin,
For here are people just come in,
  Who never yet were flatter'd.

But first to Carteret fain you'd sing;
Indeed he's nearest to the King,
  Yet careless how you use him;
Give him, I beg, no labour'd lays;
He will but promise if you praise,
  And laugh if you abuse him.

Then (but there's a vast space betwixt)
The new-made Earl of Bath comes next,
  Stiff in his popular pride:
His step, his gait, describe the man;
They paint him better than I can,
  Waddling from side to side.

Each hour a different face he wears,
Now in a fury, now in tears,
Now laughing, now in sorrow;
Now he'll command, and now obey,
Bellows for liberty to-day,
And roars for power to-morrow.

At noon the Tories had him tight,
With staunchest Whigs he supp'd at night,
Each party try'd to 'ave won him;
But he himself did so divide,
Shuffled and cut from side to side,
That now both parties shun him.

See yon old, dull, important Lord,
Who at the long'd-for money-board
Sits first, but does not lead:
His younger brethren all things make;
So that the Treasury's like a snake,
And the tail moves the head.

Why did you cross God's good intent?
He made you for a President;
Back to that station go:
Nor longer act this farce of power,
We know you miss'd the thing before,
And have not got it now.

See valiant Cobham, valorous Stair,
Britain's two thunderbolts of war,

Now strike my ravish'd eye:
But oh! their strength and spirits flown,
They, like their conq'ring swords, are grown
Rusty with laying by.

Dear Bat, I'm glad you've got a place,
And since things thus have chang'd their face,
You'll give opposing o'er:
'Tis comfortable to be in,
And think what a damn'd while you've been,
Like Peter, at the door.

See who comes next—I kiss thy hands,
But not in flattery, Samuel Sandys;
For since you are in power,
That gives you knowledge, judgment, parts,
The courtier's wiles, the statesman's arts,
Of which you'd none before.

When great impending dangers shook
Its state, old Rome dictators took
Judiciously from plough:
So we, (but at a pinch thou knowest)
To make the highest of the lowest,
Th' Exchequer gave to you.

When in your hands the seals you found,
Did they not make your brains go round?
Did they not turn your head?
I fancy (but you hate a joke)
You felt as Nell did when she woke
In Lady Loverule's bed.

See Harry Vane in pomp appear,
And, since he's made Vice-Treasurer,
Grown taller by some inches:
See Tweedale follow Carteret's call;
See Hanoverian Gower, and all
The black funereal Finches.

And see with that important face
Berenger's clerk, to take his place,
Into the Treasury come:
With pride and meanness act thy part,
Thou look'st the very thing thou art,
Thou Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

Oh, my poor Country! is this all
You've gain'd by the long-labour'd fall
Of Walpole and his tools?
He was a knave indeed—what then?
He'd parts—but this new set of men
A'n't only knaves, but fools.

More changes, better times this isle
Demands: Oh! Chesterfield, Argyle,
To bleeding Britain bring 'em:
Unite all hearts, appease each storm;
'Tis yours such actions to perform,
My pride shall be to sing 'em.

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE.

BORN 1705.—DIED 1760.

Isaac Hawkins Browne was born at Burton upon Trent, educated at Westminster and Cambridge, and studied the law at Lincoln's Inn; but his fortune enabled him to decline the pursuit of business long before his death. He sat in two parliaments for Wenlocke, in Shropshire.

A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

In Imitation of six several Authors.

IMITATION I.—COLLEY CIBBER.

A NEW YEAR'S ODE.

Laudes egregii Cæsaris —
Culpa deterere ingeni. Hor.

RECITATIVO.

Old Battle-array, big with horror, is fled,
And olive-rob'd Peace again lifts up her head.
Sing, ye Muses, Tobacco, the blessing of peace;
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

AIR.

When summer suns grow red with heat,
Tobacco tempers Phœbus' ire;
When wintry storms around us beat,
Tobacco cheers with gentle fire.
Yellow autumn, youthful spring,
In thy praises jointly sing.

RECITATIVO.

Like Neptune, Cæsar guards Virginian fleets,
Fraught with Tobacco's balmy sweets;
Old Ocean trembles at Britannia's power,
And Boreas is afraid to roar.

AIR.

Happy mortal! he who knows
Pleasure which a Pipe bestows;
Curling eddies climb the room,
Wafting round a mild perfume.

RECITATIVO.

Let foreign climes the wine and orange boast,
While wastes of war deform the teeming coast;
Britannia, distant from each hostile sound,
Enjoys a Pipe, with ease and freedom crown'd;
E'en restless faction finds itself most free,
Or if a slave,.a slave to liberty.

AIR.

Smiling years that gaily run
Round the zodiac with the sun,

Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.
British sons no longer now
Hurl the bar, or twang the bow,
Nor of crimson combat think,
But securely smoke and drink.

CHORUS.

Smiling years, that gayly run
Round the zodiac with the sun,
Tell if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.

IMITATION II.—AMB. PHILIPS.

Tenues fugit ceu fumus in auras. VIRG.

LITTLE tube of mighty pow'r,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax and eye of fire:
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently brac'd;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest,
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men;
Who when agen the night returns,
When agen the taper burns,

When agen the cricket's gay,
(Little cricket, full of play)
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed:
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men.

IMITATION III.—JAMES THOMSON.

——Prorumpit ad æthera nubem
Turbine, fumantem piceo. VIRG.

O THOU, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,
Tobacco, fountain pure of *limpid truth*,
That looks the very soul; whence pouring thought
Swarms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care,
And at each puff imagination burns:
Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
Touch the mysterious lip, that chaunts thy praise
In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
Of ductile clay, with *plastic virtue* form'd,
And glaz'd magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.
From Pætotheke with pungent pow'rs perfum'd,
Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbibed
Each parent ray; then rudely ramm'd illume,
With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,
Marked with Gibsonian lore; forth issue clouds,
Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,

And many-mining fires; I all the while,
Lolling at ease, *inhale* the breezy balm.
But chief, when *Bacchus wont with thee to join,*
In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,
Stream life and joy into the Muse's bowl.
Oh be thou still *my great inspirer*, thou
My Muse; oh fan me with thy zephyrs boon,
While I, in clouded tabernacle shrin'd,
Burst forth all oracle and mystic song.

IMITATION IV.—DR. YOUNG.

—— Bullatis mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat—dare pondus idonea fumo. PERS.

CRITICS avaunt! Tobacco is my theme;
Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam.
And you, court-insects, flutter not too near
Its light, nor buzz within the scorching sphere.
Pollio, with flame like thine my verse inspire,
So shall the Muse from smoke elicit fire.
Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff;
Yet all their claim to wisdom is——a puff:
Lord Foplin smokes not—for his teeth afraid:
Sir Tawdry smokes not—for he wears brocade.
Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon;
They love no smoke, except the smoke of town;
But courtiers hate the puffing tribe,—no matter,
Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter!
Its foes but shew their ignorance; can he
Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?

The tainted Templar (more prodigious yet)
Rails at Tobacco, though it makes him——spit.
Citronia vows it has an odious stink;
She will not smoke (ye gods!)—but she will drink:
And chaste Prudella (blame her if you can)
Says, pipes are us'd by that vile creature Man:
Yet crowds remain, who still its worth proclaim,
While some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame:
Fame, of our actions universal spring,
For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke—every thing.

IMITATION V.—MR. POPE.

· Solis ad ortus
Vanescit fumus. LUCAN.

BLEST leaf! whose aromatic gales dispense
To templars modesty, to parsons sense:
So raptur'd priests, at fam'd Dodona's shrine,
Drank inspiration from the steam divine.
Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
Content, more solid than the smile of lords:
Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,
The last kind refuge of the wise and good.
Inspir'd by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.
By thee protected, and thy sister, beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
Nor less the critic owns thy genial aid,
While supperless he plies the piddling trade.

What though to love and soft delights a foe,
By ladies hated, hated by the beau,
Yet social freedom, long to courts unknown,
Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
And let me taste thee unexcis'd by kings.

IMITATION VI.—DEAN SWIFT.

Ex fumo dare lucem. HOR.

BOY ! bring an ounce of Freeman's best,
And bid the vicar be my guest:
Let all be plac'd in manner due,
A pot wherein to spit or spew,
And London Journal, and Free-Briton,
Of use to light a pipe or * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

This village, unmolested yet
By troopers, shall be my retreat:
Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
Who cannot write or vote for * * *.
Far from the vermin of the town,
Here let me rather live, my own,
Doze o'er a pipe, whose vapour bland
In sweet oblivion lulls the land;
Of all which at Vienna passes,
As ignorant as * * Brass is:
And scorning rascals to caress,
Extol the days of good Queen Bess,

When first Tobacco blest our isle,
Then think of other queens—and smile.

Come, jovial pipe, and bring along
Midnight revelry and song;
The merry catch, the madrigal,
That echoes sweet in City Hall;
The parson's pun, the smutty tale
Of country justice o'er his ale.
I ask not what the French are doing,
Or Spain, to compass Britain's ruin:
Britons, if undone, can go
Where Tobacco loves to grow.

JOHN BYROM.

BORN 1691.—DIED 1763.

JOHN BYROM was the son of a linen-draper at Manchester. He was born at Kersal, and was educated at Merchant Taylors' school, and at Cambridge. Dr. Bentley, the father of the Phœbe of his pastoral poem, procured him a fellowship at the University, which he was obliged, however, to vacate, as he declined to go into the church. He afterwards supported himself by teaching short-hand

writing in London, till, by the death of an elder brother, he inherited the family estate, and spent the close of his life in easy circumstances.

A PASTORAL.

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:
I was so good-humour'd, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day,
But now I so cross, and so peevish am grown;
So strangely uneasy as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart——I am sure it weighs more than a
pound.

The fountain, that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;

Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And Phœbe and I were as joyful as they;
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty, were all in their prime;
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces an handful of grass;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
"Come hither, poor fellow;" and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry "Sirrah;" and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen,
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:

'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood
through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too:
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does ought of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
And made yourselves fine for——a place in her
breast:
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phœbe return!
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn:
Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down
the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah Colin! old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying pow'r, that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain!
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your fair.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

BORN 1714.—DIED 1763.

William Shenstone was born at the Leasowes, in Hales Owen. He was bred at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he applied himself to poetry, and published a small miscellany in 1737, without his name. He had entertained thoughts, at one period, of studying medicine, but on coming of age he retired to a property at Harborough, left him by his mother, where, in an old romantic habitation, haunted by rooks, and shaded by oaks and elms, he gave himself up to indolence and the Muses. He came to London for the first time in 1740, and published his Judgment of Hercules. A year after appeared his School-mistress. For several years he led a wandering life of amusement, and was occasionally at Bath, London, and Cheltenham; at the last of which places he met with the Phyllis of his

pastoral ballad. The first sketch of that ballad had been written under a former attachment to a lady of the name of Graves; but it was resumed and finished in compliment to his new flame. Dr. Johnson informs us that he might have obtained Phyllis, whoever the lady was, if he had chosen to ask her.

In the year 1745 the death of his indulgent uncle, Mr. Dolman, who had hitherto managed his affairs, threw the care of them upon himself, and he fixed his residence at the Leasowes, which he brought, by improvements, to its far-famed beauty. In these improvements his affectionate apologist, Mr. Greaves, acknowledges that he spent the whole of his income, but denies the alleged poverty of his latter days, as well as the rumour that his landscapes were haunted by duns and bailiffs. He states, on the contrary, that he left considerable legacies to his servants.

The Frenchman who dedicated a stone in his garden to the memory of Shenstone[1], was not wholly wrong in ascribing to him a "*taste natural,*" for there is a freshness and distinctness in his rural images, like those of a man who had enjoyed the

1 Mons. Girardin, at his estate of Ermenonville, formed a garden in some degree on the English model, with inscriptions after the manner of Shenstone, one of which, dedicated to Shenstone himself, ran thus:

This plain stone
To William Shenstone.
In his writings he displayed
A mind natural.
At Leasowes he laid
Arcadian greens rural.

country with his own senses, and very unlike the descriptions of

"A pastoral poet from Leadenhall-street,"

who may have never heard a lamb bleat but on its way to the slaughter-house. At the same time there is a certain air of masquerade in his pastoral character as applied to the man himself; and he is most natural in those pieces where he is least Arcadian. It may seem invidious, perhaps, to object to Shenstone making his appearance in poetry with his pipe and his crook, while custom has so much inured us to the idea of Spenser feigning himself to be Colin Clout, and to his styling Sir Walter Raleigh the "Shepherd of the Ocean," an expression, by the way, which is not remarkably intelligible, and which, perhaps, might not unfairly be placed under Miss Edgeworth's description of English bulls. Gabriel Harvey used also to designate himself Hobbinol in his poetry; and Browne, Lodge, Drayton, Milton, and many others, describe themselves as surrounded by their flocks, though none of them probably ever possessed a live sheep in the course of their lives. But with respect to the poets of Elizabeth's reign, their distance from us appears to soften the romantic licence of the fiction, and we regard them as beings in some degree characterised by their vicinity to the ages of romance. Milton, though coming later, invests his pastoral disguise (in Lycidas) with such enchanting picturesqueness as wholly to divert our attention from the unreal shepherd to the real poet. But from the end of the seventeenth century pastoral

poetry became gradually more and more unprofitable in South Britain, and the figure of the genuine shepherd swain began to be chiefly confined to pictures on china, and to opera ballets. Shenstone was one of the last of our respectable poets who affected this Arcadianism, but he was too modern to sustain it in perfect keeping. His entire poetry, therefore, presents us with a double image of his character; one impression which it leaves is that of an agreeable, indolent gentleman, of cultivated taste and refined sentiments; the other that of Corydon, a purely amatory and ideal swain. It would have been so far well, if those characters had been kept distinct, like two impressions on the opposite sides of a medal. But he has another pastoral name, that of Damon, in which the swain and the gentleman are rather incongruously blended together. Damon has also his festive garlands and dances at wakes and maypoles, but he is moreover a disciple of vertù:

"his bosom burns
With statues, paintings, coins, and urns."

"He sighs to call one Titian stroke his own;" expends his fortune on building domes and obelisks, is occasionally delighted to share his vintage with an old college acquaintance, and dreams of inviting Delia to a mansion with Venetian windows.

Apart from those ambiguities, Shenstone is a pleasing writer, both in his lighter and graver vein. His genius is not forcible, but it settles in mediocrity without meanness. His pieces of levity correspond

not disagreeably with their title. His Ode to Memory is worthy of protection from the power which it invokes. Some of the stanzas of his Ode to Rural Elegance seem to recal to us the country-loving spirit of Cowley subdued in wit, but harmonized in expression. From the commencement of the stanza in that ode, "O sweet disposer of the rural hour," he sustains an agreeable and peculiarly refined strain of poetical feeling. The ballad of Jemmy Dawson, and the elegy on Jessy, are written with genuine feeling. With all the beauties of the Leasowes in our minds, it may be still regretted, that instead of devoting his whole soul to clumping beeches, and projecting mottos for summer-houses, he had not gone more into living nature for subjects, and described her interesting realities with the same fond and *naive* touches which give so much delightfulness to his portrait of the School-mistress.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies:
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprize:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame:
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task uncon'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which learning near her little dome did stowe;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow;
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;
And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive),
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
The childish faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown:
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight
on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her past deportment claim;
And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she
found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sip'd the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclos'd a gaudy streak;
But herbs for use, and physick, not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew:
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue:
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;
Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where, edg'd with gold, its glittering skirts appear.
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere

Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling
dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to
sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And, in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed;
And tortious death was true devotion's meed;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er
return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,

The matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd,
(The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are;
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,

Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry-coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see:
All playful as she sate, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?

The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain :
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care:
By turns, astony'd, every twig survey,
And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware;
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair;
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth them greet,
And gingerbread y-rare; now, certes, doubly sweet.

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm, and chair;
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting, does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust behest;
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His eye besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face that seems a purple flower,

Which low to earth its dropping head declines,
All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal shower.
O the hard bosoms of despotic power!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower, shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellows joyance careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns;
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look ascance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's generous heat;
The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false deceit:

Yet, nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellour in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall
die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field:
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd,
Surveys mine work: and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff
is here?"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,
And liberty unbars her prison-door:
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I im-
plore!

For well may freedom erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud ambition towers;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's savory cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen;
And goose-'bric clad in livery red or green;
And here of lovely dye, the catharine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:

O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless
care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
Scattering, like blooming maid, their glances
round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside;
And must be bought, though penury betide.
The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises
known.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;
Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

ELEGY.

DESCRIBING THE SORROW OF AN INGENUOUS MIND ON THE MELANCHOLY EVENT OF A LICENTIOUS AMOUR.

Why mourns my friend? why weeps his downcast
eye?
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
Blest in thy song, and blest in every grace
That wins the friend, or that inchants the fair?

Damon, said he, thy partial praise restrain;
Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh that nature on my birth had frown'd,
Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!
Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
In Fortune's train the syren Flattery smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
  Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
  Nor dropt the chase till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
  Expence, and art, and toil, united strove;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
  Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
  I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;
I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
  And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
  Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
  And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
  Will yet thy love a candid ear incline!
Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
  Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
  Erewhile to flaunt it in the face of day;
When, scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
  Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

"Henry," she said, "by thy dear form subdued,
See the sad relics of a nymph undone!
I find, I find this rising sob renew'd:
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry,
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan;
All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If through the garden's flowery tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
For we are spotless, Jessy; we are pure.

Ye flowers that well reproach a nymph so frail;
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
  And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and faulters every tongue,
  That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus for your sake I shun each human eye;
  I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
  Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
  And let me silent seek some friendly shore;
There only, banish'd from the form I love,
  My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;
  Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
  That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
  Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew;
Not such the parent's board at which I fed!
  Not such the precepts from his lips I drew!

Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
  Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair;
  And pity welcome to my native soil."

She spoke—nor was I born of savage race;
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
I saw her breast with every passion heave;
I left her—torn from every earthly friend;
Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
My Jessy—floats upon the watery plain!

And see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From Jessy floating on her watery bier!

FROM RURAL ELEGANCE.

AN ODE TO THE LATE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET

While orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
Will aught the Muse inspire!
Oh! peace to yonder clamorous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre!

Ye rural thanes that o'er the mossy down
Some panting, timorous hare pursue;
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does she smooth her lawns for you?
For you does echo bid the rocks reply,
And, urg'd by rude constraint, resound the jovial cry?

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn,
The wretched swain your sport survey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
He sees his flock—no more in circles feed;
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curses loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye swains, conclude
That nature smiles for you alone;
Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the selfish boast disown:
Yours be the produce of the soil:
O may it still reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of clinging infants ask support in vain?

But though the various harvest gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your eye?
Or the warm hope of distant gains
Far other cause of glee supply?
Is not the red-streak's future juice
The source of your delight profound,

Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true:
But though, the pebbled shores among,
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the spring her flowery robe resume;
Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a smile.
O let a rural conscious Muse,
For well she knows, your froward sense accuse:
Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
And span the massy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

Nor yet, ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
If haply from your haunts ye stray
To waste with us a summer's day,
Exclude the taste of every swain,
Nor our untutor'd sense disdain:
'Tis nature only gives exclusive right
To relish her supreme delight;
She, where she pleases kind or coy,
Who furnishes the scene and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auspicicious aid refin'd;
Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,

Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
The mountain swells, the dale subsides;
Ev'n thriftless furze detains their wandering sight,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

* * * * * * * * *

Why brand these pleasures with the name
Of soft, unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?
Search but the garden, or the wood,
Let yon admir'd carnation own,
Not all was meant for raiment, or for food,
Not all for needful use alone;
There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the smell.
Why knows the nightingale to sing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why shines with paint the linnet's wing?
For sustenance alone? For use?
For preservation? Every sphere
Shall bid fair pleasure's rightful claim appear.
And sure there seem, of human kind,
Some born to shun the solemn strife;
Some for amusive tasks design'd,
To soothe the certain ills of life;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
New founts of bliss disclose,
Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.

* * * * * * * *

ODE TO MEMORY.

O MEMORY! celestial maid!
   Who glean'st the flowcrets cropt by Time;
And, suffering not a leaf to fade,
   Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime;
Bring, bring those moments to my mind
When life was new, and Lesbia kind.
And bring that garland to my sight,
   With which my favour'd crook she bound;
And bring that wreath of roses bright
   Which then my festive temples crown'd;
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the Muse's bower,
   Where Isis rolls her silver tide;
Nor yet omit one reed or flower
   That shines on Cherwell's verdant side;
If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite—
   But sure, to soothe our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
   Than other banks, than other streams:
Or, by thy softening pencil shown,
Assume thy beauties not their own?

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
   When, all beneath the poplar bough,

My spirits light, my soul serene,
  I breath'd in verse one cordial vow:
That nothing should my soul inspire,
But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
  On thee the drooping Muse attends;
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
  On thy expressive power depends;
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away
  Which at ambition's shrine I made;
Nor ever let thy skill display
  Those anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breast that season raze,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
  And bring the hobby I bestrode;
When, pleas'd, in many a sportive ring,
  Around the room I jovial rode:
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
  Why did not these enjoyments last;
How sweetly wasted I the day,
  While innocence allow'd to waste!
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

HENRY CAREY.

DIED 1763.

HENRY CAREY was a musician by profession, and author both of the words and melody of the pleasing song of "Sally in our alley." He came to an untimely death by his own hands.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land,
 Is half so sweet as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
 And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long,
 To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
(I love her so sincerely)
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But, let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dress'd all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named:
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:

I would it were ten thousand pounds,
  I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And she lives in our alley.

My master, and the neighbours all,
  Make game of me and Sally;
And (but for her) I'd better be
  A slave, and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
  O then I'll marry Sally,
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
  But not in our alley.

END OF VOL. IV.

T. Davison, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.